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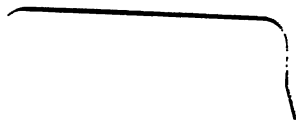
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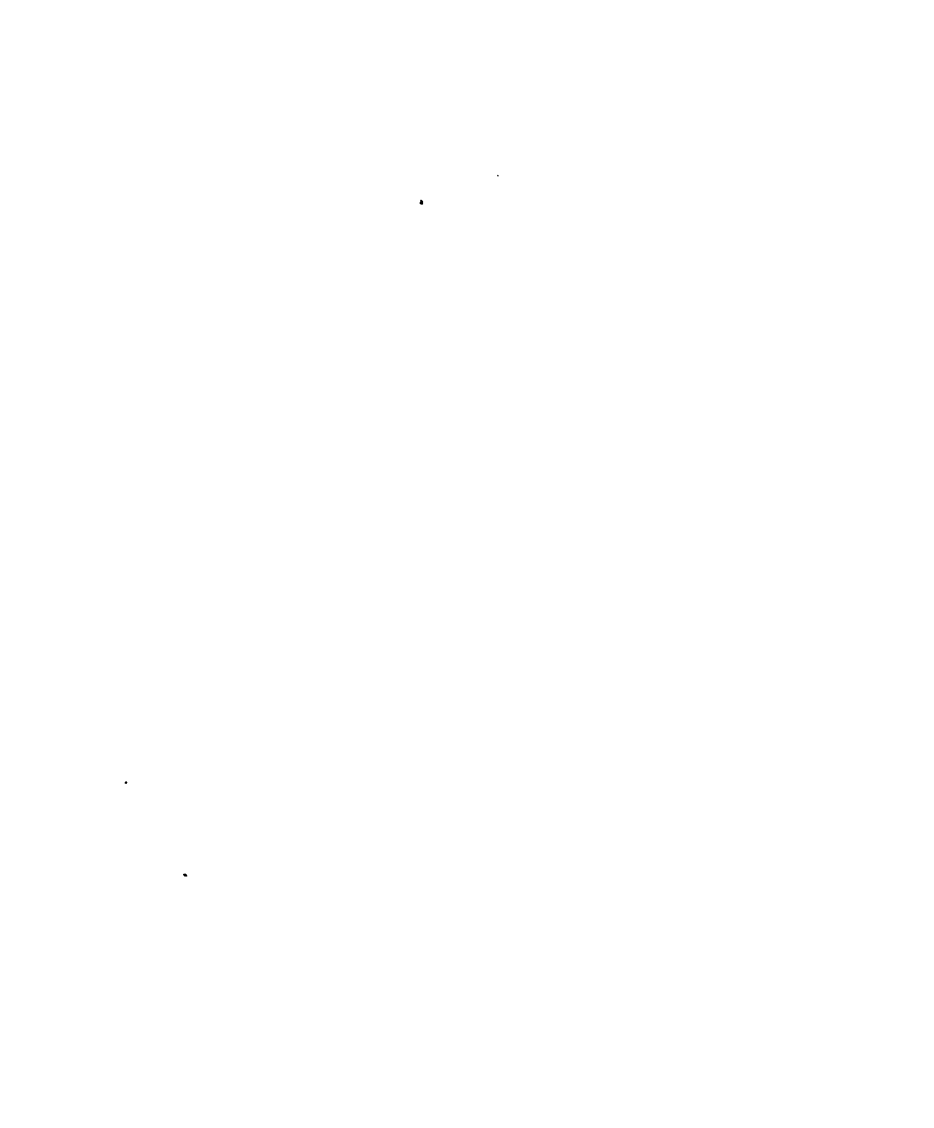
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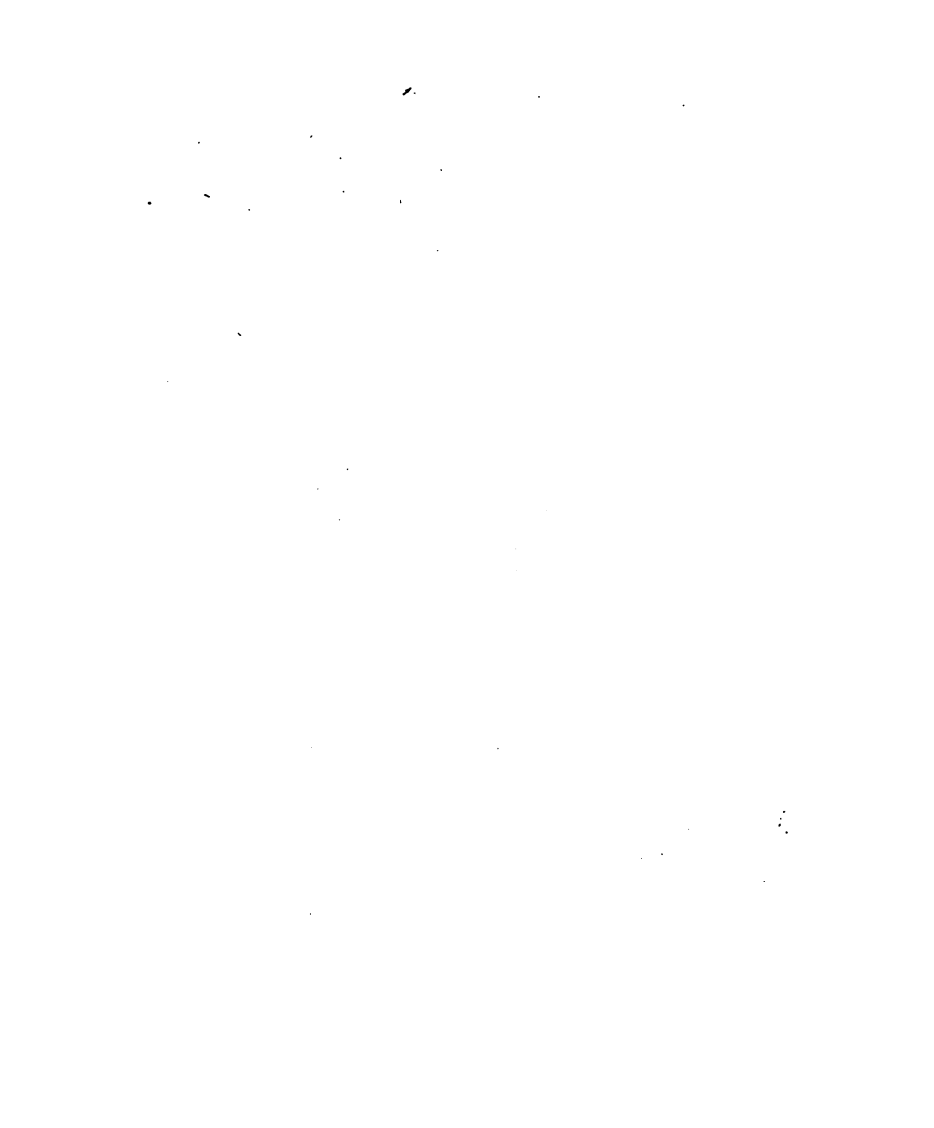
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AN ASTONISHING PASTY.

THE
CHRISTMAS ROSES,
AND
OTHER TALES.

Chiefly Translated from the German.

"Fables, with a heart of truth ;
Morals, beautiful for youth."

BARRY CORNWALL.

LONDON :
JOSEPH CUNDALL, 12, OLD BOND STREET.
1845.



P R E F A C E.

To those who complain that there are already too many books of amusement for children, it may be necessary to apologize for the appearance of a new candidate for a place on the juvenile bookshelf. But the translator ventures to advance an humble claim on the favour and indulgence of those mothers who, like herself, desire to promote the pleasure of their dear little fireside circle during this "merry Christmas time," and who have also continually at heart the planting and cultivation of kind affections, truth, uprightness, and piety. Such she believes to be the tendency of these tales; and that

"Whatever thing doth bring a joy unstained
Unto the soul, if rightly understood,
Is one more ingot to our fortune gained, —
Is wisdom to the wise, good to the good."



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E R R A T A.

Page 45, line 12, for "asses," read *apes*.

„ 110, „ 11, „ "effront," „ *effront*.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSES.

THE

CHRISTMAS ROSES.

THERE was once a poor woman, who lived, with her two children, in a little cottage, in a garden, near the city. The gardener, her husband, was dead, and had left nothing behind him but the garden, which she now cultivated herself; only occasionally hiring a labourer to do the heavy work. She performed all the rest herself, with the help of her willing and active children. When the weather was dry, these children watered the plants that were in pots, night and morning; they weeded the flower-beds, helped their mother to plant and sow, tied up the

pinks and carnations, and were never idle. But the work which they liked best was to gather the flowers which their garden produced, and to make them up into beautiful wreaths and nosegays. In this employment they showed particular skill. They knew how to arrange the different-coloured flowers, and to dispose the leaves with so much taste, that their bouquets and garlands always received the preference over those of other gardeners. The children were very modest and civil; always found a kind reception, and a ready sale for their flowers, at all the houses in the city where they called; and sometimes they received orders for birthday and christening feasts, when their wreaths, &c. were liberally paid for.

Thus Julius and Marietta helped their good mother. By the sale of the vegetables, herbs, fruits, and flowers of their garden, they ma-

naged to live comfortably, without knowing or fearing want. They were very happy too; for God had blessed them with cheerful and contented hearts. The mother loved her children, because they were good and dutiful; and Julius and Marie loved each other, as brother and sister ought to do. They always shared whatever they had; every labour was performed by both; every game of play or childish pleasure was enjoyed together; and not an apple or a pear could taste good to one, unless the other had first the half of it.

Once, in the depth of winter, little Julius became very ill. His mother was alarmed, and sent for the most skilful physician in the city. He came, looked at the patient, felt his pulse, shook his head gravely, and asked for writing materials. He then directed his prescription to be taken to the *apothecary*; and, when ob-

tained, the medicine was to be taken every hour. So Marietta made all the haste she could, and Julius took a spoonful; the next hour, a second; then the third and fourth. But he grew worse. His mother watched all night by the side of his little couch. Marietta wished to sit up too; but her mother desired her to go to bed, that she might be stronger, and more able to attend to her brother, the next day. She obeyed. Her sleep was, however, short and uneasy: her trouble about her brother caused her to have anxious and fearful dreams; and she rose long before daylight, and went to the sickbed.

“How is Julius? Is he any better?” she inquired. Her mother wept, and shook her head. Julius was so weak, that he could not raise his head from the pillow; but he looked at his sister, and said, “Ah! Marietta, I must

die. We shall never work in the garden together any more, nor play in the evening."

Then poor Marietta sobbed, and said, "No: dear, dear Julius! thou must get well again."

In the meantime, their mother dried her tears, and told Marietta to run quickly to the city, and entreat the doctor to come as soon as he could.

Now, the physician had a great many sick people to visit, and had to rise and go out very early, in order to complete his round in the short winter days. Marietta made all the speed that she could, and did not observe, as she went along, that several houses were brightly lighted up, and that children within were rejoicing over their Christmas presents; for it was indeed Christmas morning.

Marietta found the physician at home, and gave her mother's message to him, as he sat at

breakfast in his parlour. "My good child!" said he, "I would go with you, if I could do your brother any good. Where is the herb that can cure death? If my medicine has not done him any good, it is not in my power to save him."

With this cold answer, the poor little maiden left the house. When she got into the street, the tears gushed from her eyes; and she had often to stop on her way home, so violent was her sorrow.

When she reached the garden, she sat down on the stone-bench near the entrance of the cottage, which she had not courage to enter. Her mother was aware of her being there, and went out to her. "Marietta, why don't you come in? What says the doctor? Will he come very soon?" — Marietta shook her head, but could not speak a word.

“Why not?” exclaimed the poor, anxious mother. “Because — because,” sobbed Marietta, “for death no curing herb can grow. He cannot help us: God only can help.”

“Ah!” said her mother, “this is what I have feared. O God! do thou help us. Thou art the only Stay of the afflicted.” — She covered her face, and wept aloud; but she soon regained her calmness, and went in to her sick child. Marietta remained sitting in silence and grief: at last she prayed: —

“O good God and Father! my little brother is ill, and the doctor can do him no good. Do thou help him, and make him well again. Let him not die; else I shall have no brother, and poor mother and I will be left alone. Mother will be so grieved! Let her not have this sorrow, — she is so good. Oh! save our dear Julius!”

The daylight had come by this time. The fog rose up from the river, and was wafted by the morning breeze over the garden. Marietta raised her eyes, as she ended her simple prayer, and beheld a bright light in the rose-arbour, now bare of its leaves, which was at the other end of the garden, and heard her own name called in a soft voice, "Marie! Marie!" She went to the spot. There stood a figure in shining robes: a fragrant veil fell in rich folds from head to foot, concealing the shape and countenance; a crown of silver stars, studded with sparkling diamonds, encircled the head, and secured the veil. Marietta stood with her hands folded, in silent reverence.

The figure repeated her name in a gentle tone, and asked if she had received a Christ-gift.

"Ah!" replied Marietta, "my brother is so



ill, I did not remember the holy time. But the Christ-child used to bring us playthings and new clothes: now I shall never wish for any more; for I shall never play again. All my pleasure will be gone, when Julius can no more play and rejoice with me."

"But the holy child can bring other gifts than toys and trifles. Take these flowers to thy brother: though thou hast not remembered the Christ-child, yet he has not forgotten thee, because thou art a good, affectionate girl."

At these words, the veil was raised, and Marie received in her hands a small flower-vase of porcelain, with golden stripes, which contained several white flowers in blossom. Then the spirit vanished, and a light vapour floated over the garden, brightened by the rays of the rising sun.

The little girl felt wonderfully comforted, and

carried the vase with the white flowers into the chamber. The mother had just raised up her brother with one arm under the pillow, and with the other was holding a cup of tea to his lips. Julius saw his sister enter, and beckoned feebly to her with his hand. When she came near, he asked in a whisper, "Are those flowers out of our garden?"

"No," answered Marietta, while she placed the flower-pot on the bed; "No: I do believe they are from Heaven's garden. The Christ-child has sent them to you."

The mother looked at the vase and flowers with amazement: she had never seen any thing like them before. Marietta related the circumstance exactly, as well as she could.

In the meantime, Julius had smelled at the flowers, and felt revived. His eyes became brighter; a little colour came to his cheeks; he





CHRISTMAS ROSES.

stretched out his hand to his sister, saying, — “These sweet flowers have sent my headache away.” He would not part with them, but held them to his nose continually, and grew better apace.

Towards noon, he could raise himself up without assistance; and, in the evening, he was able to sit up, and eat his supper at the table, while his mother made his bed. He slept soundly all night long, and felt himself so well in the morning, that he got up, and dressed himself as usual. The mother and children kissed each other, and stood round the wonder-working, beautiful vase and flowers, wetting them with tears of glad and grateful emotion.

Henceforward, Julius and Marietta lived healthy and happy; continued good, pious children; and were the delight and comfort of their good mother.

The Christmas flowers were taken out of the precious vase, and planted in the open garden. The roots spread and increased very much ; so that many people came, and purchased the roots at a high price, and planted them in their gardens. In the dark days of winter, when the frost had locked up the earth, and all other flowers slept deep hidden in their buds and germs, then these lovely white blossoms appeared amongst the withered leaves which the trees had scattered over the garden, and were welcomed with delight. Yet the healing virtues and restoring power were imparted to the Christmas roses, only when conveyed by a heavenly visitant to the homes of peace and good-will.

NOTE. — The young children in Germany have the belief, that their Christmas gifts are brought by an angel in the form of an infant, which is called *Christ-kind*, or Christ-child, in commemoration of the time of *the Saviour's birth*.

THE CHRIST-CHILD.

IN every winter season,
The Christ-child comes again,
Where mortals dwell, or wander
Upon earth's leafless plain.

He enters, with his blessing,
In dwellings large and small ;
And, on their way unceasing,
Goes in and out with all ;

Now, still and unperceivéd,
Is also by my side,
By his kind hand to lead me,
And be my faithful Guide.

Why here, where sorrow bends us,
By self and sin beguiled,
Returnest thou each season,
Thou dearest Jesus-child ?

Meekly thy pure eye turning,
Earth's lowliest sons to see;
Thy heart with pity yearning,
To call us up to thee?

Because it is thy pleasure,
That we should happy be;
That none, by sin and error,
Should come to misery.

O holy Child and Saviour!
My blessed Guardian stand,
Till, earthly dangers over,
I gain the heavenly land.

THE TALES
OF
THE STORK, FOX, AND MAGPIE.



STORK, FOX, AND MAGPIE.

CE, in the centre of a large forest, where there
s an open space covered with smooth, green
f, and watered by a clear brook, a Fox lay
king in the warm sunshine. Not far off, a
gpie was perched on the bough of a tree,
ering rather discordant sounds, to which she
t time by moving her long tail.


"Come nearer, Dame Magpie," said the Fox ;
on't be afraid of me, but let us have a little
sip together." So the Magpie flew nearer,
alighted upon the lowest branch of the tree,
above her companion.

A Stork, at *the same time*, descended in his

flight, and walked gravely about. The Fox gave him an invitation also, saying, "Here, Mr. Longbeak; we three do not thus meet every day: therefore, by way of passing a pleasant hour or two, let us in turn relate some story. Each of us must have met with adventures unknown to the rest. "Certainly, certainly," croaked the Magpie, setting up her tail, "I will make a beginning."

"By your leave, Mrs. Mag," said the Fox, "we will give the precedence to the Stork; for he has but lately returned from a long journey in foreign countries, and no doubt has met with some strange or amusing adventure."

"You do me much honour," said Longbeak, looking round solemnly on the party: "I will consider a little." Then he drew up one leg close to his body; and, balancing himself on the *other*, thus began:—



THE STORK'S TALE.

When returning from Africa, a few weeks ago, and the flight over the broad Mediterranean Sea began to appear somewhat long, I was glad to descry a vessel, towards which I flew, in order to rest myself upon the mast. As soon as the sailors perceived me, they invited me in a friendly manner to come down to them, which I ventured to do; for I knew that seamen are superstitious, and would not dare to injure a bird which is held sacred in many countries, lest some disaster should overtake themselves. Then a short, fat man, in a white apron, — who was, I suppose, the cook, — brought a piece of nice fresh mutton, which he cut in small pieces, and gave to me. You may be sure how much I relished my *repast*; and, when it was ended,

and I had wiped my beak, I began to relate my travels to the company. Just as I was in the midst of my narration, and describing the excellent African frogs, and the great ditches they inhabit, there came a monstrous fish towards the vessel, with its jaws extended wide, as if to swallow us all up.

“Stop! stop!” cried my fat friend of the apron; “we will soon have him.” He ran down to his kitchen, and speedily returned with the leg of a sheep, which he stuck upon a large iron hook, fastened to the end of a strong rope, which was immediately let down into the water, and the next minute snapped up by the fish. Too late the monster found his mistake — the hook stuck fast in his mouth. He pulled and pulled with all his might at the rope, and struck so violently with his fins and tail, that the water sprinkled the deck like a shower

of rain. But he was caught: the sailors hauled him up to the foredeck, and killed him.

“Now, Stork,” they said, laughingly, “you shall have your share roasted;” and they began to open the fish with their knives. All at once, a strange tiny voice was heard to cry out. The men looked about to find where the voice came from, but in vain. But, when they proceeded with their cutting, it was heard again saying, “Take care! take care! don’t kill me!” — “Hark!” said the cook, “I do believe the voice comes from the fish’s maw.” They opened the large stomach carefully, and what do you think came forth? A tiny fellow leaped hastily out, and slipped upon the floor; and the sailors let their knives fall from their hands, and stood mute with fear and surprise. The little man wiped his eyes, and staggered about; for he could not stand upright on his legs; but, when

the cook saw the creature's dirty condition, he brought a basin of warm water, put him into it, and washed and wiped him till he was quite sweet and clean. Then the small wight gained confidence: he raised his hat from his head, set it on straight, laid one hand upon his side, the other upon the hilt of his sword; and, making a polite bow, said, very gravely, "Your most obedient servant, gentlemen. I thank you for the friendly service you have rendered me: indeed, I could not have held out there much longer," pointing to the fish.

"But how, in the name of all the saints, came you into the monster's belly?" said the cook, "and what country do you come from?"

"Oh! pray give me something to eat and drink first,—for I have suffered the extreme of hunger and thirst,—and then I will tell you all." Then the cook brought some food and

water ; and, after little master had eaten heartily, he thus began : —

“ I am the youngest of four ; and, as you see, gentlemen, my person has continued rather small. Nevertheless, from my childhood, I felt a great desire to travel, so that my parents had to keep the most careful watch over me. I attempted, several times, to go out into the world secretly ; but I never was able to wander far from my father's house, but once into the wood, and another time into the corn-field : the third time I fell into a pool of water, where I should have certainly been drowned if I had not been accidentally spied by a peasant, who fetched me out. Every time I was brought safely home.

“ ‘ Stop ! ’ thought I to myself ; — I will wait until I am a year or two older, and then my travelling will fare better.’ When I was about

two years older, I went one day to a neighbour, who was a tailor, whom I often used to visit. While I was there, a man brought one of his garments to be mended ; and, as he had to wait some time before it was done, he laid himself down behind the stove, and went to sleep. I went quite softly and silently to him ; climbed up unobserved, and slipped quite easily into the breast pocket of his coat. When the tailor had finished his job, the man paid him for it, and went away, without noticing that he carried me along with him. He very soon seated himself in a large carriage, having four horses harnessed to it, and ordered the coachman to drive on. They set off in grand style ; and, after going some time, four fresh horses took the carriage ; and thus we went on continually. I was quite in my element now : the man had laid himself in a corner of the carriage, and fallen asleep ; then

I stretched my head out of the pocket, and looked to the right and left, upon hills and valleys, towns and villages, as we passed; and said to myself, 'One must surely see the world to become quite a man.' Thus, three days and nights passed away, and I had great satisfaction in my warm hiding-place, except being very much tormented by hunger; yet I did not dare to discover myself. On the third evening, we passed over a broad river, into a large city, where there was a grand church, which had a very tall steeple. Here the people alighted; and the man who carried me seated himself to eat his supper. Oh! how I longed to partake with him! My hunger gnawed me so much the more, from my seeing with what an appetite he devoured the roast meat and gravy, potatoes and salad; and the no small quantity of wine which he drank along with them. He afterwards

laid himself down in a corner, as usual, and fell asleep. The people of the house did not appear to observe him ; for, when the last person went out, he took the lamp along with him. Then, finding the room quite dark, I ventured at last out of my hiding-place ; and, driven by uncontrollable hunger, I felt about for the door, and crept out to seek some food.

“I went as softly as a mouse from one door to another, and came at last to one that was half open, and which, from the agreeable smell, I thought must be a pantry. I ventured in, and groped gently among boxes and baskets, and came in time to something which was eatable. It was a great, round thing ; and I soon found, from the smell, that there was meat under the hard crust ; so I quickly drew my sword, and with some trouble succeeded in loosening the lid.

“Now, in truth, I was well provided for ; for the whole thing was full of delicious spiced meat : indeed, I believe it was a hodge-podge of goose livers. I cut a large piece, and ate it ravenously ; and thus I went on, digging with my sword, until I reached the bottom. While I was yet engaged with these doings, I heard somebody coming. In my haste, I knew not where to hide myself : so, at last, either to my good or evil fortune, I sprung into the great hole which I had eaten in the pasty, ducked down, and drew the lid again over my head. The pasty was taken up, put in a round basket, just large enough to hold it, tied fast with string, and carried off. I felt rather anxious in my narrow prison, but soon cheered up ; for my hunger, the great torment, was appeased.

“I soon found that the basket was placed in a great carriage ; and, by the trotting and stamping

of horses, that it went on day and night. I made myself content. I ate deeper and deeper into the pasty; and whoever has fasted three days and three nights, like me, will not be astonished at my appetite: in short, when three more days were passed, the pasty was empty but for my person, and the journey ended.

“Presently, the basket containing me was carried away, and set down. Fatigued with the shaking and rattling of the last three days, I slept very soundly, for the first time, in my strange abode; indeed, so very soundly, that I did not awake until the pasty had been placed on a table, and the lid removed.

“There was a cry of astonishment when I rose up from the empty pasty, and looked over the edge, as it were, of a fortification. I was in a large company of grand people; and I acknowledge, that I felt a little abashed at first; but I soon

recovered my confidence, jumped out upon the table, took off my hat, and said with a graceful bow, 'Your most obedient servant, ladies and gentlemen: I wish you a good appetite.' For some time no one spoke: at last I heard some whispering, and discovered that I was in a foreign land, and did not understand the language. I was very sorry on this account, as I should have liked to relate my short history to the company, and I could see that they would have given a good deal to have heard it: so we had nothing to do but to look upon each other with inquisitive eyes.

"The news of the funny little stranger was soon spread in the city, and numbers of people flocked to look at me. The owner of the mansion took great delight in me, and had a convenient box fitted up for my residence, where I lived very comfortably, and which was carried

out every day into the garden, and placed upon a broad wall which overlooked the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. There I used to enjoy the view of the rolling waves, and of the vessels which sailed past every day. The door of my box was always fastened when it was out upon the wall ; but, one day longing for a ramble, I managed to unfasten my window, and, descending from it, I walked up and down, to my great enjoyment ; but it was soon ended, for a violent gust of wind came, and blew me down into the sea, where I should have been speedily drowned, if a large fish, with extended jaws, had not leaped up, and caught me before I sunk. I suppose I was too small a morsel to be worth the trouble of biting ; for he swallowed me immediately into his filthy stomach, from which, you, my dear sirs, have so happily delivered me, and for which I return you my grateful thanks."

He bowed and smiled when he had concluded his speech.

The seamen were highly entertained at the little man's story, and wished him to stay on board during the rest of their voyage; but he said that he felt homesick, after all his adventures, and wished himself in his own country. Then I came forward, and said, "The young gentleman may travel with me, if he pleases. Does not Master Bobby know me again?"—"Oh! yes, my old friend of the chimney, I will go with you." So we refreshed ourselves with the food which the kind sailors gave us; and, taking leave of them, little master sat upon my neck, clasping his arms round it. Thus I rose with him into the air, and, after a rapid flight, arrived with my rider at the house of his parents, on the chimney of which I had for several years formed my nest. I walked gravely in; and the

family, who had been greatly afflicted at the absence of their darling, were equally rejoiced at his extraordinary return. They made him promise, that for the future he would stay at home.

“Here ends the adventure,” said Longbeak.

Long before the conclusion of the Stork’s tale, Mrs. Magpie had been impatiently cocking up her tail, and making ready to have the first word. No sooner was Longbeak silent, than Mag instantly began : —

“Now, listen to my history. My dead grandmother” — “Dame,” the Stork hastily interposed, “let us have the Fox’s story first; for I am very curious to hear what is the meaning of that strange mark which he carries on his haunches, and must beg of him to tell me.”

The Fox waved his bushy tail in consent, and thus began : —


THE FOX'S TALE.

I was born in a retired spot not far from hence, along with four brothers and sisters. Our mother had made a nice soft bed of moss in a hole which she had scooped in the side of a steep bank; and a comfortable dwelling it was. As soon as we were weaned, our parents supplied us with good food,—sometimes young hares, partridges, and such dainty provisions. Occasionally we had mice, which we did not relish quite so much; but our mother used to say, that we must accustom ourselves to every thing, for that the time might perhaps come when we should be glad of even a mouse to make a meal of. We grew apace; and, as the den soon became too small for us, we tried to escape out of our dwelling. But our parents strictly for-

bade this ; saying that nothing but dangers awaited us ; but that, as soon as we were old enough, they would take us to a place of greater security.

Alas ! it happened to us as to many other children, who will not obey their parents, but think themselves the wiser. Early one May morning, the sun shone in so brightly at the mouth of our hole, that we longed to know what it was to be outside ; and, as soon as our parents had set out upon their hunting expedition, to bring provision for us, we slipped out softly, and jumped and tumbled about on the open sandy space in front of our cave, enjoying ourselves much, and hastening in as soon as we thought papa and mama Fox would be coming back again.

We went on in this way for a long time, without being found out ; but one day, while we



were chasing a mouse in front of the den, and tumbling head over heels in great delight, we observed something looking at us through the bushes, which we concluded must be the face of a man. We hurried back into the den immediately, terribly frightened, and were right glad when we neither saw nor heard any more of the creature; little guessing, that from that moment our fate was decided. For, the very next morning, when father and mother were gone out as usual, we heard footsteps and voices; and, before we were aware, a savage, crooked-legged dog entered the den, barking very loud. Our agony was extreme. We drew back into the farthest corner of the den, barking as loud as we could: but this did not in the least deter our enemy; for, encouraged by the men, he seized hold of the foremost of us.

Despair will inspire the weakest with courage.

We flew at our black foe, and scratched him so much that he was obliged to draw back. Now we thought that the danger was over; but, alas! the greatest was to come, and from an unexpected quarter. How could we guess that the dog was sent into the den to find if we were still within, and where the cave ended! For one of the hunters had laid himself down with his ear to the ground, and listened as the dog barked; after which they began to dig a hole, and we listened in deadly fear to the strokes of the spade and pickaxe, as they came nearer and nearer to us. They had soon broken through; and, as all resistance was in vain, we could do nothing better than bury our heads deep in the sand. Then a man stretched his arm down to us, drew up one after another by the tail, and struck each one upon the back of his head with a club, so that he died immediately.

I was the last, whom he pulled up with a cruel shout. He had raised his staff for the deadly blow, when a man, passing by, cried to him, "Hold! friend, just let me look at that little animal." He looked in my face, and then added, "I wish you would give me that little Fox: I could make him useful." — "What!" replied my murderous captor, "would you bring him up to steal your cocks and hens? He will be true to his nature." — "No," said the stranger, "I will make him useful to me in my trade." — "Well, then, take him;" and the man held me, while the other opened a great leathern pocket, into which I was popped; and thus he carried me to his dwelling in the city.

"Look here," said my new master to his wife, jokingly, "what a pretty, sharp-nosed little dog I have met with!" as he drew me out of his pocket. "He shall learn by and by to blow the

bellows." The man was a locksmith, and had a wheel fixed to his bellows, in which a dog, by running round, set the bellows in motion. But, a short time before my capture, the dog had died; and the man was glad to have me, rather than a dog, for which he would have to pay an annual tax. I had a small collar put on, to which a chain was fastened, and the other end secured to the dog-kennel. He brought me food and water: I quenched my thirst; but I was too much afraid and sorrowful to eat at first, until compelled by hunger. I was kindly treated: the man would stop as he went to or returned from his work, and stroke and feed me from his hand. "How goes it, little Foxy?" he would say: "thou wilt soon be able to help me in my business." After a while he showed me the wheel, made me ascend into it, and taught me how to run. I was glad to be in motion, after so

long a confinement. I soon understood my office, and took pleasure in the work. When he was not smithying, I was allowed to rest; and then I amused myself by watching him at his filing and hammering, making large and small locks and keys. I could not complain of my treatment; for I was well fed, and always had my plate of meat not far from the wheel. But yet two circumstances troubled me. Liberty was not mine. Could I ever forget that I had once enjoyed freedom? I longed for the woods, the mountains, the sunny knolls, where my race wander so merrily about.


I had also an enemy in the person of a neighbour's old grizzly, red Tom-Cat, an envious, spiteful, greedy animal. He would sit for hours in a gap of the wall, eyeing me with apparent indifference, as I went round and round at my work; but, if my master turned his back for a

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moment, he was instantly down upon the spot, stole the best bits out of my dish, and was back again as swift as a bird could fly. He also plundered my master's kitchen in various ways; and, as I was sometimes allowed to run about at liberty in the house, I was suspected of the thievery, and received the beating.

I was even with my enemy at last; and moreover, against his will, he procured me my liberty, though but for a short time.

One day, when the master was absent, I felt very well and lively, and jumped merrily about in my wheel, and blew the bellows till the sparks began to fly. Then I sat down to enjoy my dinner. The Cat came near, and, contrary to custom, began to converse with me:—"Fox, you are merry; I wish I was so too: you seem happier in your work, than I in my sleepy dreaming on the wall."—"Yes," I replied; "that



is quite true. You see that I earn abundance of food by turning this wheel for my good master; and I may leap and jump about in it to my heart's content. Just come up to me for once," continued I, "and I will show you how merrily it runs." So the Cat ascended, and we shook the wheel awhile, which pleased the old fellow very well; then I invited him to sit down and eat; for I had a nice leg-bone of mutton left, and he found it quite to his taste.

When he had done, the old Cat said, "Fox, that thing pleaseth me. I should like to learn thy trade, and then I can seek out a master. Wilt thou teach me?" — "With pleasure," I answered: "only put on my collar, and run on boldly in the wheel, you will learn quickly." "Well, I will try," said Cat. But first we had to get the collar off my neck, and it cost us some trouble. "Look!" said I: "this thing

which hangs upon the collar is called a lock, and that thing which hangs upon the nail there, is called a key. Now, if you put the key into the hole in the lock, and turn it round, the lock will slip off, and the collar will be unfastened; then I can draw it off, and put it on you." The Cat fetched the key, and, after many trials, at last managed to put it into the lock properly. "Now," said I, "take the key between your teeth, and turn it round." This he did easily; and, when he had drawn the padlock out of the ring of the collar, I trembled for joy. I quickly put the collar upon the Cat, however, and turned the key in the padlock. "There," said I, "now take care to run steadily, and you will find what a merry business it is. Good bye! Cat;" and then I sprung through the open window.

"Stop! stop!" cried the Cat, terrified; and he tried to spring after me, but found himself

held back by the chain which was fastened to the collar; and I heard how he tugged in vain, and mewed pitifully.

But whoever diggeth a ditch for another, is pretty certain to fall into one himself. This proverb was verified in my case; for scarcely had I gained the street, when I was observed by a dog; which chased me so quickly, that I had but little hope of saving myself from his teeth. By chance I took the direction of the market-place, in the middle of which there was a large wooden booth, where asses and parrots were swinging on long sticks, outside, and a great brown Bear kept guard at the entrance. "Brother bear," I cried, out of breath; "take me under thy protection!"—"Just jump in here," said Bear kindly, and showed me the opening. I did so, and was saved from my enemy; but, to my great astonishment and terror, only to fall

• into the hands of more dreadful enemies. I found myself in a large room, surrounded on every side by wild animals, imprisoned in iron cages. I endeavoured to make my escape, but in my confusion could not find the way out. The master and his men hunted me from one corner to another, till at last I was caught; and what did they with me — can you imagine? I was thrown into the den of a mighty Lion: there I lay trembling in deadly fear, when the great king of beasts came slowly up, smelled at me, and then laid himself down quietly as before. When I found that he had no intention of taking away my life, I ventured to approach him very modestly. “I’ll do thee no hurt,” murmured Lion; “be without fear of me.” Then I took courage, seated myself near him, licked his paws, and looked up quite fearlessly into his face. When feeding time came, I had a bone thrown

to me also. After our meal, I entertained the Lion with merry feats; leaping over him, laying myself down before him, and inviting him to play.

Thus we went on from one day to another; and the Lion began to take great pleasure in me. After some time, the dens were placed in great waggons, and conveyed to another town, where the people came in crowds, curious to behold the Lion and the Fox.

Though we lived in great harmony, yet, before very long, my life became tedious and sorrowful. "Lion," said I, one day, "we must try to obtain our freedom."

"Well said!" replied Lion: "can I break these iron bars which keep us within the den?" — "That neither of us can do," I rejoined; "but, where strength is vain, cunning may succeed. Just let us try: I have a device in my head."

Now, the master of the menagerie had a tame Peacock, which was allowed to go about in perfect liberty ; and to secure his assistance formed a part of my plan. The servant whose office it was to feed the animals was accustomed to slip the bolt only of our den, without locking it. This had not escaped my observation ; and the knowledge I had picked up in my servitude with the locksmith, I was able to turn to good account. I therefore said one evening to the Peacock, "Now, good friend, do me a little favour, and push back the iron thing at the door." He did so, and the door opened instantly. "Now for it, Lion," said I: "break out: only take me with you, and protect me."

The Lion had no sooner left the den, and felt that he had once more the free use of his limbs, than he darted towards the entrance.

Almost terrified to death, every body fled

out of his way, and the Lion and the Fox were once more free in open air. But a few leaps, and we were out of the town, and in the broad meadows. Whoever we met, instantly betook themselves to flight; and in a short time we reached a dark, thick forest, in whose shades we rested for the night. The Lion wished to remain here; for he felt quite at home under the deep shadow of the great oak-trees; but I advised him to continue his flight. So, very early in the morning, we left the forest, and hastened to a distant woody mountain, which we reached the same day; and there, after devouring some hares, reposed in quiet. But, alas! our escape could not remain a secret, nor could we doubt of being actively pursued.

In a few days, a crowd of hunters appeared: we were chased about, and with difficulty saved ourselves *by flight* to another forest. There

neither were we suffered to remain in peace; for the number of our pursuers was continually increasing, and day and night we were driven before them, from one place of refuge to another.

On the fifth night of our flight, we had lain down to rest on the edge of a cliff, which overlooked a deep hollow place, surrounded by trees; when we saw lights advancing through the wood, and I immediately advised Lion to fly with all speed. "No," he replied, "I will be hunted no longer: if I must die, it shall be here." We descried armed men approaching, carrying torches; and in the midst there rode a young man of beautiful countenance and majestic stature, and, by his side, a large, noble-looking dog. When the party had reached the hollow, they stopped, kindled a fire, seated themselves around it, and began to eat. The young man

had dismounted, and was standing at a little distance, leaning against the stem of a tree, when suddenly the dog uttered a sharp bark; and the men, alarmed, rose up hastily, and followed the animal, who had evidently got scent of our track. With one mighty bound, the Lion sprung from the over-hanging rock, alighting on his feet, just opposite to the young man, who was no other than the son of the king. The king's son drew back for a moment, and raised a sharp sword, putting himself in an attitude of defence. But the Lion laid himself down in front of him, stretched his paws out on the earth, and looked up into the face of the prince, as much as to say, Let us be friends. At that moment the attendants returned, and would have attacked the Lion with sword and lance; but the prince forbade, saying, "You shall do him no hurt: he has placed himself under my

protection." He advanced fearlessly, laying his hand upon the noble animal's head. "Let us bind him at least," cried one. "It is unnecessary," replied the prince, as he seated himself on the ground near the Lion: "he will follow me, I am sure, of his own accord." And so he did.

The king's son laid himself down to rest, and slept peacefully; the Lion resting near him, while the attendants passed the night in anxious and fearful watching around them. As soon as the prince awoke in the morning, the whole party prepared for their return to the city; the Lion following willingly with Ossian, the faithful dog, side by side.

Then I pressed forth from my hiding-place; and, as I could not bear to be separated from the Lion, I hastened to join him, much to the *astonishment* of all who were present. "Lo!

here is another follower," said the prince: "he also shall receive protection."

We traversed the forest, and before noon reached the capital city. News of the wonderful affair went before us, so that young and old crowded from all quarters to see the remarkable animals pass. When we arrived at the palace, the prince commanded comfortable dwellings to be prepared for us on each side of the principal gate; but every night the Lion had to lie at the door of the royal sleeping chamber, in order to keep guard there. Besides these favours, we were well supplied with food, and daily received proofs of our lord's attachment.

It was not long before we had both an opportunity of rendering him a good service for all his kindness. Some wicked men had plotted together to murder the prince, and had hidden themselves *in a thicket*, intending to lie in wait

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for him, when he should pass by on his daily walk. I happened to spy these wretches in their hiding-place ; and, suspecting them of evil intentions, I told the Lion, who agreed with me in opinion ; and we both went, and concealed ourselves very near to the spot where I had seen the villains. As soon as the prince approached, they started out with lifted daggers ; but, just as they thought themselves sure of their victim, out broke the Lion from the bushes, crashing them in his way. With one spring he seized the foremost by the throat, then tore down the next ; and, before the third could recover from his terror, he had caught him by the breast, and shaken him so violently, that he fell breathless and insensible to the ground. The guards hastened to the spot, and secured the villains, who received the punishment of their crime that very day. From that

time, the prince regarded us with more favour than ever, and never went out without us for his attendants.

Thus we led a quiet, honourable life for some years; but at last the period of our separation arrived. The king engaged in a war, and the prince commanded his army, which we accompanied to the field. Lion fought bravely by the side of his lord, and I rendered considerable service as a spy. But one day, when I was out at a distance, the prince and his attendants fell into an ambuscade of the enemy. He defended himself bravely; and the Lion broke through the opposing ranks, tearing down whoever came in his way. The enemy were soon overpowered, and put to flight; when, from behind a tree, an arrow, aimed at the Lion, pierced his heart: he sank down at the feet of his master, *giving him a loving look, and died.*

The prince was nearly inconsolable for the loss of the noble animal, and had him interred with honours, and a marble pillar erected to mark his grave.

I also grieved much for my generous companion and protector, and looked quite forlorn and unhappy. One day, therefore, the kind prince said to me, "Good Fox, since thou hast lost thy friend, I think thy liberty would be acceptable to thee." I made signs that I should prefer to go. "Well," said he, "go. I thank thee for thy fidelity, and will command my subjects to refrain from doing thee any harm." And, in order to secure my safety, he had a king's crown marked upon my haunches, which you may yet see plainly. Afterwards I departed, and sought out my place of birth, where I have lived ever since in undisturbed tranquillity.

“This is my story,” said the Fox.

Mrs. Magpie had been impatient for the end of the Fox’s history; and no sooner had he ceased, than she cleared her throat, and thus began:—“My dead grandmother dwelt in an old, old apple-tree, and laid an egg every day, until she had three eggs therein; and she brooded and brooded very carefully, the proper time, upon her three eggs, until three young magpies came to light. Now, these three young magpies all looked exactly like one another — I say the truth — quite alike from head to tail; and, what is still more remarkable, they could chatter in an exceedingly agreeable manner by the second day.”

“Very likely, Mrs. Mag,” said the Fox; “and I suppose one of these accomplished little magpies did in her turn make a nest in the old, old apple-tree; and you are one of her young-

sters, possessing in your own person all the virtues of mama and grandmama." — "Just so, dear Fox; but let me go on, if you please."

"Mag," said the Fox, gravely, "don't you see that Longbeak is growing impatient, and thinks your story is going to be 'without an end'? She is preparing to cross the meadow, in search of frogs. Now, I know that you have been a whole year in the city, where they loosened your tongue (rather unnecessary, by the bye), and taught you human speech. You must surely have heard stories out of old books, during the long winter evenings, and can relate us one."

"Certainly, certainly," Mag croaked in reply: "I will oblige you with a curious history of Privy Councillor Cabbage, which I perfectly remember, and will reserve my own story till *another time*."

THE HISTORY OF THE PRIVY COUN-
CILLOR CABBAGE.

Long, long ago, when the old ruined castles had yet roofs and chambers, — when armed knights and fierce barons went in and out of the gates, and watchmen looked down from the towers upon the country round about, — there grew, in a field of cabbages, one of immense size, which spread its leaves out broadly, as if it would say to all the rest of its fellows, “Am not I grand? am not *I* the King of all Cabbages?” But, while full of these proud thoughts (namely, of such thoughts as a cabbage can have), there came riding in a cart, drawn by two stout oxen, a peasant and his wife, who stopped when they came to the field, and, having alighted, began to cut off the cabbage-heads

very busily, throwing them all into the cart, one after another. At length they came to the large cabbage. Only fancy how it stared, when it perceived what they were going to do! But what could be done? Run away it could not, for it was rooted fast in the ground; neither could it defend itself: therefore it was cut off, and thrown to the others. Then the woman said, "Husband, let us put this great one quite at the top, that our neighbours may see it; and then they will say, 'What fine cabbages!'"

So the man placed the large cabbage *exactly* at the top, where it could look about it over all the fields and meadows, and was not a little proud, when the passers-by cried out, "Behold! what a cabbage!"

They had not driven far, when the peasants heard the sound of horse's feet at a sharp trot *behind them*. Upon the horse rode a young

squire, with a helmet on his head, a strong lance in his right hand; and from his shoulders hung a long mantle, under which the scabbard of his sword might be seen. As he approached, the peasants drew up their cart to the side of the road, to let the horseman pass; but he rode slowly, with his eyes fixed on the enormous cabbage.

"Here, fellow!" said he, "will you sell that cabbage?" — "Why not, your honour?" replied the peasant, doffing his cap; "give me what you please for it." The young man pulled out his purse, and handed him a bright new silver penny. Then he took the cabbage up before him on his horse, and covered it with his cloak, saying, "The weather is cold, and my cabbage must not be frozen;" and rode away.

This young esquire belonged to a great baron, possessed of *much* wealth in money, who had

many castles, and men, and horses; and who was always at variance with some of his powerful neighbours. Now, this esquire had been chosen out by his lord to convey a message to one of his friends, being the most clever and trustworthy of all his retinue. Travelling in those days was no such easy an affair as it is at present, and Squire Kunz's journey was beset with dangers. Towards evening his way led through a thick forest, when, at some distance behind him, he perceived six knights on horseback, whom he immediately knew, by their pennons, to belong to the enemy's party. He was at a loss for a moment: his horse was tired; and, if he were to endeavour to escape by flight, he was sure to be overtaken. Then he bethought him of a stratagem. He stuck the point of his lance in the cabbage; tied a stick *across*, and fastened his mantle upon it; then

he secured the lance fast to the saddle, and turned the horse's head in the direction of home, himself meantime climbing up a tall tree, to await in safety the result of his device.


Now, at that time, there lived in those parts, a wild fellow of gigantic size and supernatural strength, to whom ten men were but as one. He was frightful to behold; had a thick, round head, with strong, bristly hair, standing off like a beast's, broad shoulders, and a fierce, dark countenance. Whoever met him, got out of his way as fast as they could, thankful to escape an encounter with the Giant Gerohl, — for that was his name.

Now, when the six knights saw Kunz's horse coming with the strange figure it carried, they very naturally concluded, that the great round head and broad shoulders could be no other than those of *the giant's*: so they quickly

turned their horses round, and galloped away; and in a few moments they were quite out of sight. Then our young esquire speedily descended from his hiding-place, overtook his horse, and, unloosing his lance, trotted merrily away.

He arrived safely at the castle of his master's friend, delivered the packet which had been entrusted to his care, and was then dismissed to the servant's hall to refresh himself with food and wine. Amongst other persons at the table, there happened to be one Master Peter, jester to King Theobald, by whom he was highly valued, and to whom he often gave very sensible advice, under the guise of folly.

When Kunz had related the adventure he had just had, and how serviceable the cabbage had been, Master Peter rubbed his hands in *glee*, and said, "Friend Kunz, pray, give me



your fine cabbage; for it deserves to come to honour." — "Take it, and welcome," Kunz replied: "it has well served my turn."

Next morning, Master Peter set out with his new acquisition before him upon his horse; and, when he came to the city, old and young laughed heartily at this new prank of his. A stout baker in a white apron, standing at a door, cried out, "Ha! Master Peter, what are you doing with that cabbage? Have not you plenty in your own fool's head? Or perhaps you are intending to puzzle the court to-morrow with some riddle, as this:—What thing is that which has two heads before it, and one above it?"

"Spare your wit, Mr. Baker," answered Peter: "who knows whether this head may not be the means of saving a better?" Thus he rode on *amidst* jeers and laughter, till he

reached his dwelling, where he carefully deposited the cabbage in a chest.

Next day, the king held a council of state to decide on very important matters. The great hall where they assembled was prepared. The councillors sat on soft, cushioned stools, round a large table, at the upper end of which was the king's throne. When the discussion began, there were many speakers, who each asserted his own opinion with violence, and all became angry noise and confusion; every one asserting that he himself was the king's best adviser.

King Theobald looked wearied and vexed, and, turning away his face from his angry councillors, espied an old man apart from the rest, in a large wig, who spoke not a word, but looked straight before him, as if nothing at all was going forward. Having dismissed the councillors, who had made nothing of all their much

talking, the king beckoned to the old man to approach; for he had continued to sit still, Master Peter standing behind his seat. "Peter," said the king, "I am disgusted with my parliament. What a skirmish of words! what a strife of tongues! and see the end of it. Only one of the assembly has given me satisfaction,—that old man there; for he alone has kept silence."

"Gracious sire," replied Peter, "truly, silence is a virtue, especially in the presence of a monarch; but I must tell you, that the old fellow is without understanding." — "How?" said the king: "I am inclined to appoint him to be my privy councillor: he is a prudent personage, who will stand by me, and hit the right nail on the head."

"Ha! your majesty would not take a cabbage for your councillor?" said Peter, laughing, and

raised up the wig; then he took off the mask, and displayed an immense cabbage, stuck upon the figure of a man dressed in rich garments. The king shook his fist at Peter, exclaiming, "Peter, wicked Peter! hast thou played me another trick?"

"Indeed, sire, I have done nothing but place my puppet here before the wise ones came, and make him shake his head, or nod, according to my pleasure. If your majesty can make use of him as your privy councillor, he is quite at your service."

"Well," said the monarch, "I will have his picture at least." So he commanded the figure in the mask and wig to be painted by a clever artist, set in a gilt frame, with these words inscribed: "Count Cabbage, — the best councillor that King Theobald ever possessed."

Those were bad times for the king. Many

of his nobles were unfaithful; and, at their instigation, a great number of rebels surprised the king, took him prisoner, and threw him into prison. Master Peter was the only friend who did not desert his unfortunate master; for he not only shared his imprisonment, and cheered his downcast spirits by his playful jokes, but he also contrived his escape. He dressed the king in his own motley garments, and put the fool's-cap and bells upon his head. Thus disguised, the king left the city, — only, alas! to be pursued, and again confined in prison, where his cruel and unjust subjects doomed him to lose his head.

The great Council Hall was prepared for the execution; a scaffold was erected, and guards were stationed outside. The poor king was brought in privately, before the judges and sheriffs, with the crowd, were admitted; and he

begged, as the last favour, that he might be left alone for half an hour with his sole friend Master Peter.

This was complied with. Master Peter quickly made his appearance with his fool's-cap and wearing a long wide mantle. Now, can you guess what he carried under the folds of this mantle? A sack of hay, a pair of white gloves, and — the cabbage! With the greatest quickness, he helped the king to undress, opened a trap-door which was well known to himself only, and caused the king to descend; closing the door very gently, and covering the traces of it with the sawdust which was plentifully scattered there. Then he prepared a figure, upon which he stuck the cabbage, put the king's robes over it, and covered the head with a black veil; and, when all was complete, he called in the executioner and people, saying, "I have

done my part: now you may do yours." Then there was a great rush of people into the hall. There knelt the king immovable. The sign was given. The executioner raised his sword, gave a mighty blow, and cut through the head, so that the upper half rolled upon the floor; and his astonishment was not less than that of the crowd, when it was discovered, that, instead of the head of the king, he had hacked in two the head of a cabbage.

On examining the figure, the cheat was discovered, and great was the vexation of the mob. The leaders cried out, "This is Master Peter's doing. He shall pay for it." — "Catch him, and hang him up," cried some. But Master Peter had taken good care, that this should not happen; for, when they would have rushed out in search of the king and his faithful jester, they found the hall-doors fast secured, and the court-

yard full of armed men, threatening to strike off the heads of all who attempted to escape by the windows. Master Peter had hidden these faithful soldiers in the vaults of the castle during the night, and had locked the doors of the hall, as soon as the king's enemies were within it, to behold the wicked deed of his murder.

Peter had it instantly proclaimed through the city, that the king was free. Then all his friends, who had been fearful and cowardly, came forward, made ashamed of themselves by the brave zeal of the poor jester. The palace was surrounded in great force by the king's party, and at last the gates were unlocked. Only one at a time was allowed to come forth; and each, as he advanced, was taken to a vault under one of the thick towers of the castle. When the last was thrown in, Peter looked in, and said, "Now, choose yourselves a king to

your liking," and had the vault closed with a great stone. There they probably are to this day.

The king assembled his friends, and gave them a grand feast. The principal dish was made of burnished gold; and, when the cover was lifted up, behold! there was the cabbage excellently cooked; and everybody was curious to have a taste of the famous production. When the last morsel was eaten up, the king commanded his jeweller to make an imitation cabbage in gold and precious stones; and he had also a cabbage quartered in his coat of arms.

Master Peter took the cabbage's place, as privy councillor, and served his master truly and faithfully for many years.

But it was very cruel to shut up the king's enemies to die of hunger; and it would have

been better for the king and his Master Peter to have forgiven them, and tried to turn them into friends. All we can say is, that those were not days of mercy, but of cruelty, oppression, and bloodshed; and let us hope, that such will never come again, but that men may love peace, and learn war no more.

This is the Story of the Cabbage.

When the Magpie had ended, the other animals praised her history, and took a friendly leave of her, and of each other. The Fox returned to his cave; the Stork flew to the church-steeple; and Mrs. Magpie repaired to the old, old apple-tree of her dear departed grandmother, — somewhat mortified that her friends would not listen to her own beautiful *biography*.

THE WATER FAIRY'S GIFTS.



WATER FAIRY'S GIFTS.

A LONG, long time ago, a poor boy sat under the shade of some alder-trees, on the bank of a beautiful lake, which was situated in a green valley, and played simple country melodies on his pipe of reeds. He was shepherd-boy to a farmer, whose flock was grazing round him; and an orphan, too; and thus early he had only his own labour to depend on for daily bread. His parents had nothing to leave him, for they had no worldly possessions; but they had instructed him well, and set him a good example, while they lived. He had a true, honest heart, loved both to work and to learn. He was

therefore much happier than Richard and Martin, the sons of the farmer, who were bad, malicious boys, hated employment, and went idling about all day long, thinking only of what naughty tricks they could play.

When these boys saw John sitting so quietly by the side of the lake, Martin said, "Come, Dick, let us frighten young master there, and make him a piece of work. There is Sultan, the great yard-dog, following us: let us set him at the sheep; we shall see them scamper away in all directions, so that they will not be collected again in a hurry."

Richard laughed a spiteful laugh, and replied, "Yes: the lazy loon! What is his work? To drive the flock out to pasture in the morning, and bring them home again in the evening. The sheep know his voice, and follow him when he whistles. There he sits, and doodles upon

his pipe all day long, and yet father praises him as a pattern of diligence, till I am quite vexed to hear him."

Then, turning to the great dog, and pointing to the sheep, he cried, "Hey, Sultan!" Martin also encouraged the dog; and Sultan darted, with a terrible bark, in the midst of the frightened creatures. They dispersed in all directions, — some to the nearest thicket, or the distant part of the meadow; part tried to escape over a swamp, where they stuck fast; and a few hid themselves in the alder-bushes by the lake. One poor little lamb was so cruelly chased by the ferocious animal, that it fell into the lake, and was no more to be seen.

At length, the two boys called off the dog, and went away over the hill to their father's house; laughing at their trick with wicked delight.

Poor Johnny soon assembled his flock, after having helped those which lay bleating piteously in the swamp; but, on counting them over, he found that one was missing, and that it was the lamb which belonged to his master's daughter, good little Annie. He sought all round; and, not finding any trace of it, he concluded that it must have fallen into the water, and been drowned.

He sat down weary and sorrowful, and thus lamented aloud: — “ Oh ! unfortunate boy that I am ! Poor lamb ! who could not I save you ? What will poor Annie say ? She was so fond of it, and gave me such a strict charge to take care of it ! It is lost, quite lost ; and I can never buy another for her, I am so poor. I dare not tell her, that it is her brothers' doing ; for that would trouble her a great deal more. If I had only made a collar for it, and held it fast, that



THE WATER FAIRY.

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no harm could have happened to it! Now it is too late. O poor, little, darling lamb!"

While the boy thus bewailed the fate of the pet lamb, a Fairy rose to the surface of the clear blue lake; her head crowned with water lilies; her dark hair falling over her shoulders, so as to touch the water. A necklace of small, beautiful shells adorned her throat, and a robe of transparent green floated loosely round her slender form. She moved silently towards the bank, where John was sitting, so deeply absorbed by his trouble, that he did not at first perceive the extraordinary appearance. A little splashing of the water, like that of a waterfowl, aroused the little boy's attention.

"Why dost thou weep, my good boy?" said she, in a tone of pity. "Ah!" replied he, "because I am very unhappy. Poor Annie's lamb must have *fallen* into the lake, and been

drowned ; for I cannot find it anywhere. She will think that I have not taken care of it, and will be so angry with me ; for the little thing was so dear to her. I am so poor, that I can never replace it. That troubles me most of all."

Then the Fairy descended gently beneath the surface, and quickly re-appeared, bringing a lamb with her, whose wool was entirely of pure gold, with a scarlet collar round its neck, which was set with large sparkling gems and silver bells. "Here is thy lamb," said she, placing it on the bank. "Oh ! no," answered the boy, "my lamb was not so fine as that. It was only a snow-white lamb, and had no collar on."

The Fairy left the lamb, dived again, and brought up another lamb, with wool all of silver. "Here is thy snow-white lamb," said she, and placed it by the side of the golden lamb.

"No, no !" again cried the boy: "that one is

also much more beautiful than the one I have lost. It had no wool of gold or silver; only its own soft, warm, natural wool, like the rest of its kind. But it was so tame and loving, that, if I only nodded to it, it would come, joyfully bleating, and skipping about me. Oh! it was such a dear little lamb!"

Then the Fairy smiled kindly, left the silver lamb also standing on the brink of the lake, and once more dived into the water. She quickly ascended again, bringing a lamb that had nothing unusual in its appearance.

"Here is thy own lamb, alive and well. It has been feeding along with my golden and silver flock in a flowery meadow, far beneath the water. And as thou art a good, faithful boy, thou mayest keep my golden and silvery lamb for thine own. Take them to the city, and present them to the king's daughter."

With these words, she put the lamb down by the others, when it instantly knew the shepherd-boy, ran to him, and fondled with him, like a dog who has found his lost master; and John stroked and caressed it with tears of joy.

He turned to speak his thanks; but the kind Fairy had vanished. Then he began to examine the golden and silvery lambs, and felt more and more astonished at the Fairy's gifts; for they fed along with the other sheep, obeyed his call or whistle just like the others, and seemed as if they had always belonged to the flock.

When John brought the flock home in the evening, the men and maids ran out into the farm-yard; also the farmer, with his two boys; and his little daughter Annie shared in the general curiosity and surprise.

John told them how he had been crying on *the banks* of the lake, because he believed that

Annie's lamb had fallen in, and been drowned. He did not say any thing about the boys having been the cause. Then he told how the Fairy had brought him first the golden, and then the silvery lamb; and that, when he did not own either, she at last brought up the very dear little one that he had lost, and gave him the two others to keep himself.

Richard and Martin looked at each other, while John was speaking; and then Martin said, "It is very well, father, that we have two such precious lambs in the flock. Now, father, let the golden one be mine, and the silver one be my brother Richard's."

"Not on any account," replied the farmer. "What right in the world have you to these sheep? The Fairy gave them to John, and no man shall dispute his right to them." Then he turned to the little shepherd, "Thou art a good

boy. My flock has prospered under thy care, and I rejoice at thy good luck without envy. But what wilt thou do with thy animals? It is fair-day at the nearest village, and I advise thee to sell them there. The collar, with bright stones and bells, will be worth a quarter of an acre of land; and the lambs will very likely, on account of their rare wool, fetch twelve dollars or more. That will be a snug little luck-penny for thee. Come, I will go with thee. Thou hast neither father nor mother; so I must care for thee."

"I know that you are very kind," replied the lad; "and I would follow your counsel, if the Fairy had not desired me to take the lambs to the city, and offer them to the king's daughter." "Has she?" said the worthy man: "then you must obey her. Doubtless she understands *more about* such matters than a peasant like

myself. We will to the city to-morrow early ; for I have business there also."

Next day, the farmer and John set out to go to the city. John led his lambs by a long cord ; and their golden and silvery wool shone in the bright sunlight, and the gems on the collar sparkled like so many little suns, and the silver bells sounded so sweetly that young people and old followed them in crowds on their way.

At last they came to the court of the king's palace, and the princess was looking down out of a window. When she saw the wool of the lambs shining so brightly, and the sparkling collar, and heard the music of the silver bells, she called her nurse ; and they both went down immediately into the court-yard. All the king's household left their business, and followed after ; last of all, came the king and queen. — Everybody was full of wonder and admiration,

and began to ask the farmer and the little boy many questions. Then the young princess said to the king, her father, "O dear father! do buy these sheep for me. I must have them indeed."

Then the king said to John, "Speak, my son: what do you ask for your lambs?"

"I will not sell the lambs," replied John: "I have brought them as a present to the princess, your daughter."

"Well, my son," said the king, "then I will accept thy present for my daughter, and will give thee in return the two best estates in my kingdom, and will have thee educated to be a brave and honourable man. Even then I shall hardly have repaid thee the value of the collar; for its precious stones far surpass all the jewels in my crown." So John took a grateful leave of his kind master, and remained at the king's

court, and was educated as if he had been the king's son.

Now, when the farmer reached home, and with great satisfaction related what good fortune John had had with his lambs, Richard and Martin were almost devoured by envy, and rushed angrily out of the house. They consulted together what they should do to be as lucky and rich as John had become, and at last resolved to drown a lamb next day in the place whereabouts Annie's lamb had fallen in, hoping that the water Fairy would then bring them a golden and a silver lamb instead.

They went to their father that same evening, and offered to take charge of his flock, instead of hiring another shepherd-boy. Their father was quite pleased, and thought that his sons had begun to think of being useful to him; and he consented very readily.

Next morning they drove the flock out to the meadow near the lake, then caught a lamb, and threw it in. The poor creature struggled hard to save itself, and had nearly reached the shore, when the cruel boys took long sticks, and gave it several strokes upon the head, until it sunk beneath the water.

After this, they seated themselves on the bank, and began loud hypocritical weeping and wailing, which they continued for a long time, but without result. Then Richard said he thought they had not thrown the lamb in at the right spot; so they caught another, and threw that in at a deeper part of the lake, and then sat down to shed their crocodile tears again. But neither this time did the Fairy give any heed to them.

"All good things come in threes," said Martin; "*let us try one more;*" and threw in a

third lamb in quite another place. Still all was in vain. At last Richard said, "We are all in the wrong yet: I believe it is Annie's lamb that must bring the Fairy, and her golden lamb."

"Well, as we have drowned three, we may as well send a fourth after them," answered Martin; "so it must go." The poor little lamb was caught, and thrown in; then they began anew their mock howling and lamentations far louder than before.

At last a slight ripple stirred on the lake. Richard perceived it, and said, "Aha! I guessed right," and again resumed his "Uh! uhuh! uh! uh!" The Fairy raised her head up gently above the water, and asked the boys why they did so.

"Oh!" said Richard, "one of our lambs" — not only one, but four lambs, are drowned; or, perhaps they are gone to your flock," interrupted

Martin. "We are very unhappy; for our stern father will punish us severely. Oh! pray, restore them to us."

The Fairy was aware of the shameful deceit and cruelty of these bad boys, and descended with a grave nod of her head; soon, however, returning to the surface, bringing some animals, which the boys took for golden lambs; and they cried to each other, "Here come the lambs."

"Receive them, then," said the Fairy, who threw them upon the shore, and instantly disappeared. But, instead of the golden lambs they expected, the Fairy had brought four wolves with yellow shining hair, such as are found in the East, which fell upon the boys first, and, having strangled them, attacked the flock, and ravenously destroyed them all; then plunged into the lake, and were never seen any *more*.

John grew up a brave, honourable baron, and the king gave him his choice of all the fair ladies at court for his wife; but he had preserved a true grateful heart in his good fortune. He remembered that the farmer had taken him into his service, when he came to his door a poor stranger and a beggar, and had always treated him kindly. He knew also that Annie was a good, virtuous girl, very pretty, and without any of her brothers' wicked dispositions. He therefore chose her to be his wife, and they lived long and happily together.

HISTORY OF A COCKATOO,

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THE
HISTORY OF A COCKATOO,

RELATED BY HIMSELF.

My little friends, you and I have lived in the same house a good while; but I have been here the longest time, — for I remember each one of you successively making your appearance as my babies, wrapped up in flannel, and carried carefully in the arms; when all the sound you were able to make was screaming and crying, which I very well knew how to imitate. In a while I began to amuse you: you would stop your crying, and look at me as I danced on my perch, or swung myself about in my

ring; you learned to cry after me, "Pretty Cocky! pretty Cockatoo!" and I in return could repeat your names, "Henry, Philip, and Polly," and was always glad to be noticed, and spoken to, by you.

Now, nearly all of you go away to school, I suppose, where you learn much more than poor cockatoos are able to do, let them try as they will. I only see you at long intervals, and Miss Polly is too much afraid of me for us to have any chat together; but I think of you, dear boys, as I sit in deep meditation on my perch; and as I feel myself growing old and weak, and believe that the frost and snow, which come at this season, will very likely serve me as they do the little Robins which Cook brings in her hand, stiff and cold out of the dairy, never to hop and sing any more, I wish to tell you something of my history, *that, when I am gone, you may remember* "poor

Cockatoo!" Cockatoos, like human beings, dread the idea of being quite forgotten.

I fear that I cannot tell you much about my youthful days. I know that they were passed long ago in a far, far country, where the sun shines as it never does here; and where men, trees, and animals, are very different from those of this cold land. I lived in a large forest of tall trees, covered with bright scarlet and yellow flowers, and abounding in fruits and nuts; so that I lived plentifully without care or trouble. A pretty sight it was to see a whole flock of snow-white birds, with yellow crests, flying about, or perched in numbers on the trees, keeping up a lively conversation with each other, and with our cousins the grey parrots, who, I must confess, were more numerous and gay than ourselves.

One day, having alighted on a low shrub, to

regale myself on some favourite berries growing there, I was entrapped by a black urchin, who had been concealed under the bush, and carried away to his hut in the village, close to the sea-shore. Here he kept several other unfortunate birds in durance, and more than one died of grief and vexation during my imprisonment; but, being of a cheerful temper myself, I began to be reconciled to my fate. My captor took pleasure in me: he would tie a slight cord to my leg, and take me out under the shade of a cocoa palm, overhanging the front of his dwelling, and lie there, teaching me words and tricks.

One day, when thus occupied, I perceived a large object moving on the sea, and coming nearer and nearer. Little did I suppose, that it was a ship, and that it would bear me away *from that* pleasant shore. Soon a boat, filled

with white men, ventured through the foaming waves, to the beach. These were not come, as I have since heard that many did, to steal the black men, and take them away to another country, to make them work very hard, which black men don't like at all to do, but only to trade peacefully and honestly with the natives, and do them no wrong. One of these men, who appeared to be the chief, came to my young master, and, after a short palaver, bargained for me; giving him in return a string of beads, and a piece of cotton to wrap round his black shining body. I was carried away in the boat to the tossing, rolling vessel, and put in a coop, which had contained fowls.

When the trading was ended, the ship sailed for England. I was unhappy during the voyage: though the captain sometimes took notice of me, and *gave me biscuit*, yet the sailors were

fond of teasing me, and putting me in a passion; so that, even to this day, my fears and anger are excited by the sight of a man in sailor's dress, or any thing resembling it.

Once landed, my life became more tolerable; for the captain took me to a grand place, where there were fine green trees and grass, which reminded me of my own dear home; and I was put into a pleasant house, where there were many other feathered inhabitants, — cockatoos, parrots of all colours, and others whose names I do not know. Alas! it was a prison. Small wires crossed the front of our cages; and between us and the sky was a hard, clear substance, which quite prevented those who were more at liberty from making their escape.

In this house I remained a long time. I learned many English words, and could say "*My Lord*" to the good gentleman who often

came to admire and caress us. At last he gave me to another master. He also was kind; but I was not so happy with him, because he kept me confined in a close room in his house, with no society of my own kind, but with a multitude of noisy, impertinent little birds, who left me no quiet.

One day your father and mother visited my master, on purpose to look at his collection of prisoners; and, as they admired and took pleasure in talking to me, he made them a present of me, and they took me away to their home.

I felt a great relief in this change. My cage hung in a large, warm, cheerful kitchen, where I could see a good deal going on, and receive plenty of notice. I soon became a pet; but there was an old cross grey parrot in a neighbouring cage, who looked on me as an interloper;

and though I wanted to be sociable, and made many friendly advances, yet he treated me with great rudeness; and his jealousy was so strong, that he would have killed me if he could have got at me. But as he could not reach me through my cage, he vented his ill temper in horrid screams, which so annoyed the family, and disturbed the babies in their slumbers, that he was sent away to a neighbour's cottage, where he would be kindly treated. But the poor fellow lived only a week after his disgrace. I believe he died of a broken heart; for, with all his disagreeable qualities, he had a strong attachment to the family, especially to the kind grandmother who had taken such pains to teach him the children's names.

Well, dear children, I am getting near the end of my little history, which perhaps you may *think rather tedious*; but, as I have arrived at

old age, I hope you will bear with the failing common to that period.

As I have lived so quietly in my later years, I have had time to reflect upon my life; and I shall be glad if my *bird* experience can be of any use to you in the life which is before you. Alas! I have many faults to repent of, though I am but a bird. I have often been ungrateful for kindness, and have bitten the hand which has been stretched out to stroke my crown, or to feed me with some dainty; and I have been much offended when I have not received what deemed my proper share of notice and attention. I must say, that I very much dislike being caged. If people could only know what fear and pain they inflict on poor helpless creatures so doing, surely they would restrain themselves. I have had the red hot poker held close by my cage. I have been drenched with cold

water: either my cage put in a perfectly dark place, or a carpet thrown over it; or it has been set out of doors in such cold weather, that my bones have rattled with shivering. The cross woman who thus tormented me is now gone—I neither know nor care whither; and I must do you the justice to say, that you have never done any of the naughty things I have just mentioned; but you have sometimes vexed me with poking sticks at me, and teasing me in other little ways.

O dear little boys! pray remember my advice, to be kind to all living things: you don't know how much they will love you, though they cannot speak their gratitude in words.

Before I bring my speech to a conclusion, I may as well tell you of some of the pranks of my youthful days. Once, in that noble forest I before told you about, a party of birds were *enjoying themselves*, of which I was one, when

a black monkey came very impudently swinging among us, and tried to catch me, spitting at me, and jabbering frightful noises. I watched my opportunity, and dropped on his back, fixing my claws in his neck ; and, with my strong bill, gave him such hard taps on his skull, that he heartily repented having attacked me. He endeavoured to dislodge me, and ran yelling with pain and fury, till some of his monkey relations came to his assistance, when I thought it was time to make my escape. My enemies were soon dispersed by the sudden appearance of a jackal, whom their cries had attracted to the place.

At that time I was a vain, foolish bird, and thought that no creature could possibly compare in beauty with a white cockatoo, with a bright yellow crown. I despised the parrots, in their grey jackets and red petticoats ; and I also

considered the purple and scarlet lories and macaws as vulgar, and much inferior in elegance to myself. I received, however, a rebuke which effectually humbled me, and mortified my ridiculous vanity; for one morning, as I was dressing, and trimming my plumage after bathing, a great, spiteful, long-tailed macaw came slyly behind me, and seized hold of my crown feathers; shook them roughly, until they came off; and then flew away, scattering them in the air. I retreated to a solitary nook, at the root of a tree which grew out of a rock; and there I remained until my crown began once more to grow.

I remembered the lesson so severely taught, and have never since felt disposed to be so proud and vain as before. Indeed, I have very little reason, as I make but a shabby appearance at present; for I have acquired a habit

pping off my feathers as they grow, and of g my left wing under my feet, and tram-upon it; so that I am sure my former mates could not know me again, and would ne with dislike and contempt.

terly I have found amusement in taking up ation on an iron rail near the kitchen door,

I can observe all the coming-in and going-and be myself observed. Sometimes I bite number of little branches from the neighbouring beech-tree, which overhangs the rail, which I climb. Occasionally I vary the

by taking a walk into the parlour, where rally receive a caress from the papa. Him er think of biting: I respect him too much at. I like to seek the shelter of mama's e, and to rub my beak on her shoes; and y putting the two tall sons to flight, or ; them mount upon the chairs to be out of

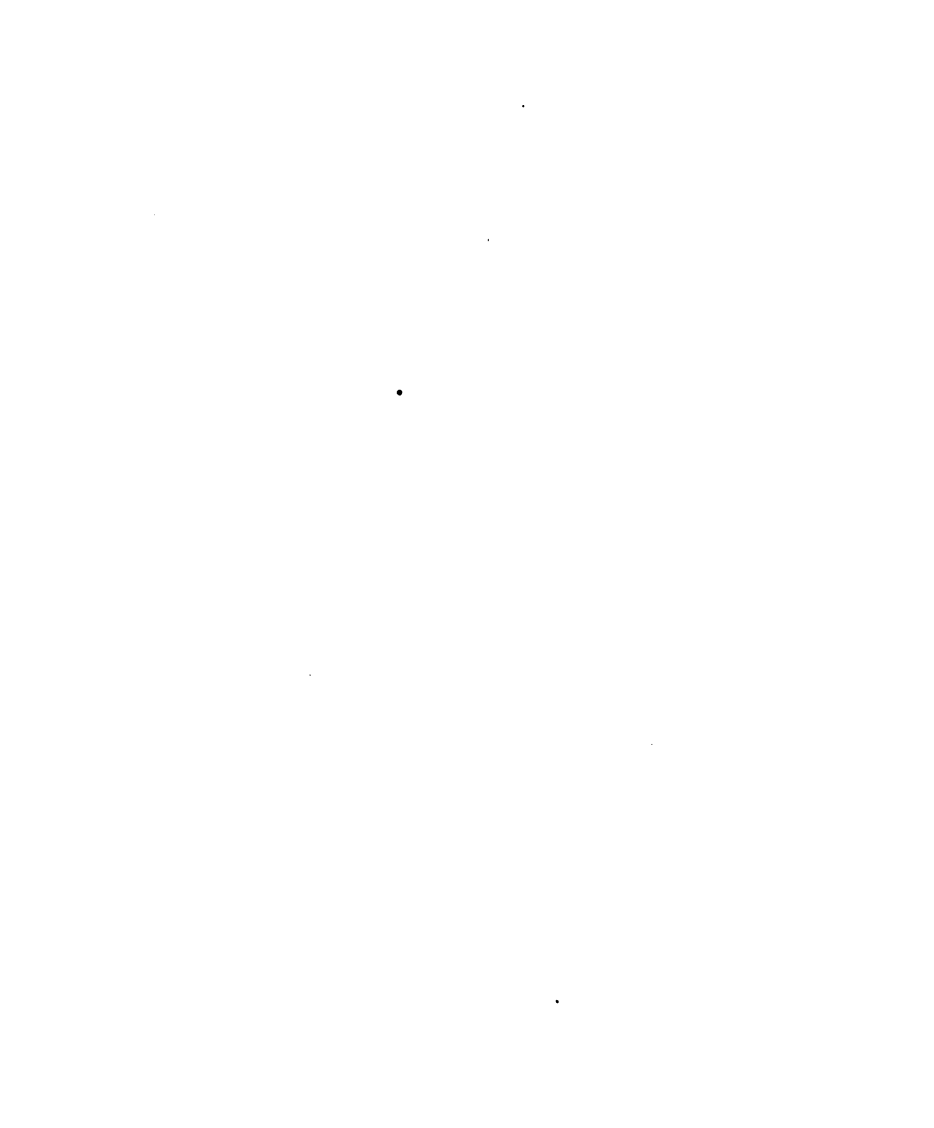
my reach. I remember some old grievances, you may be sure.

I have also a great propensity, whenever I am in the parlour, to drive out any of the servants who come in, especially if it is not the one whose office it is to wait. Sometimes, when Bran the dog comes in with a jacket bound with red, I cannot help giving her a good scolding: indeed I have no love for dogs; and though I endure them sometimes, yet I am sure to neglect no opportunity of revenging an effront.

One day, Bran's daughter, Meg, presumed to lie down by the kitchen fire, very near my quarters. I walked quietly round till I came behind her, and, giving her a sharp pinch on the hind leg, began to squeal myself, before she had time to begin her complaints of me.—These are a few of my tricks. I fear that they do not *sound to the praise* of my temper and disposition.

Dear boys, remember that I have not always been cross and peevish; that I have often and often chattered and danced for your entertainment; that I love you very much, and entreat you to be kind and good-natured as long as you live.

So I wish you all a happy new year; and, as I may perhaps never see another, I beg you to receive this history as the legacy of — “*poor Cockatoo.*”



THE LABYRINTH.

THE LABYRINTH.

THERE was once a man, who had four sons. When they were all grown up into young men, he said to them, "My children, you must now see a little of the world: it is not good for you always to stay at home. You must take a long journey together, and bring back something that will please your father and mother."

So the four sons set out upon their travels, passed through many countries, saw many fine things, learned various languages, and remained many years in foreign lands. Then they began to think of returning home, and remembered their

promise to take some pretty presents to their parents.

One day they were in company with a man who had been a great traveller, and who related several strange adventures which he had met with. The brothers paid attention to his discourse, and were particularly struck with the description which he gave of an old castle, containing some great curiosities. Amongst others he mentioned a pen which could write of itself, a wheel which could spin of itself, and a bird which could speak all languages.

“These would just do for our presents,” said the eldest brother; “for father is old, and his hand trembles when he writes; and mother’s eyes are weak, so that she cannot see to spin as she used to do; and how pleasant it would be for us to be able to converse with the bird in *the different* languages that we have learned!”

Then the man exactly described the way to the old castle ; at the same time informing the brothers, that these wonderful things might be obtained, if they would fulfil certain conditions.

The young men set out immediately, and the next day reached the castle, which was situated upon a hill, and more than half in ruins. The court-yard was overgrown with grass ; and massy stones, which had fallen from the building, lay scattered about. An old man, in a grey cloak, and of forbidding aspect, sat under the gateway. The brothers told him they were come to look at the curiosities which they had been told were preserved in the castle. The old man eyed them sternly, and replied, "Many, like you, have come here, and never returned. If you are wise, you will turn back, without a sight of these things ; for it has not yet brought good fortune to anybody." But the young men

were so pressing in their request, that at length the old man rose up, took a heavy bunch of keys, and led the way through several dark passages, up a winding staircase, and stopped at a small iron door, secured with three padlocks, which he deliberately unlocked, one after the other. They entered a round, vaulted chamber, which had four small windows, looking north, south, east, and west.

The old man opened an ancient chest, and took out writing materials. There was a pen stuck in the inkstand, no way different in appearance from a common quill pen; but, as soon as it was dipped in the ink, it flew to the paper, and wrote of itself a few sentences, which the eldest brother dictated, as well as if it had been guided by the hand of an accomplished writer.

The old man next produced a small spinning

wheel, with flax upon the distaff, which he had scarcely set down, than the wheel began to turn, and to draw out a fine thread upon the bobbin.

Lastly, he placed a golden cage upon the table, which contained a small white bird, sitting in a golden ring. The bird looked at the four brothers with curious, inquisitive eyes. One of them asked its name. "Cialo" was the reply. "How old art thou?" inquired the next brother, in another language. "A hundred years," the bird answered in the same. — "How long hast thou yet to stay?" was the third brother's question, in a different tongue. "Until you take me away," said the bird, in the same language. "I hope that will soon happen," rejoined the eldest; "but how must we obtain these things?" addressing the old man.

"If you really desire to know, I must tell you, though I do it very unwillingly. The fault

will not be mine, if you bring down misfortune upon your heads. You have only to ascend that high hill which you see there," pointing to the south, through the window. "Upon its summit there grows a single tree: whoever plucks a branch off that tree, and brings it hither, will receive these things for his own."

The brothers smiled at each other, and asked if there was nothing else to be done. "No, indeed," said the man; "but that is enough." "Why," said Ferdinand, the eldest, "is the tree guarded by a giant, or have we to encounter a monster in the way?" — "No," answered the old man; "you may go, and return quite unmolested. The only difficulty is to find the way back." — "Oh! ho!" replied Ferdinand, "then it is a labyrinth, I suppose. Now let us see the entrance."

So, after carefully locking up his treasures,

the old man led the four brothers to a garden behind the castle, of which the gate stood open. Beds of beautiful flowers and shrubs occupied the foremost part of the garden ; behind these were tall, graceful trees ; and beyond them a thick forest appeared, through which many little winding paths went in all directions.

The brothers consulted together what to do ; and the eldest, Ferdinand, resolved to make the attempt. So he took leave of his brothers, told them he hoped to be back very soon, and went on his way. He broke off a number of small twigs from the bushes, and dropped them in the path, as he went along. The farther he went, the underwood became thicker, the trees taller, and the road steeper ; and, having walked on for about half an hour, he came to an opening in the forest, and in the centre of the little plain stood the tree. He quickly broke off a branch,

and perceived that the leaves had a remarkable fragrance ; and, being rather tired, he sat down to rest himself a few minutes, rejoiced at the prospect of joining his dear brothers again, and of coming so easily into possession of the wonderful pen, wheel, and bird.

Now, there was in that country a kind of large birds, like storks, which built their nest of green boughs, and made roofs of the same to protect their young from sun, rain, and storms. Many of these birds were now flying here and there, in search of building materials ; and, finding the branches which Ferdinand had scattered, they, in a short time, carried away the greatest part of them in their beaks.

Meantime, having rested himself, Ferdinand set out upon his return. At first he found many of his twigs ; then they became more *scarce* ; and at last he could not find any at

all. Then he thought that he must have left the right path. He went back, and tried another, but could see nothing of his twigs. He was sure that he had gone wrong, but did not lose his courage. As he had ascended from the castle, he thought that he must descend in order to reach it again. So he went down a hill, into a valley which seemed to have no end: from the valley he again directed his steps upwards, and climbed a high tree to discover the old castle, — but without success. So he wandered about all day, till he came to a spring, at which he quenched his thirst, and then went towards a remarkable tree with curiously-shaped leaves and large white flowers, behind which there was a steep rock, whose sides were hollowed out into many small caves. He resolved to rest here for the night, laid himself down in the first hole he came to, and fell instantly asleep.

In the meantime, his brothers waited all day with great anxiety; their trouble increasing every hour. When night came on, they gave up all hopes of him; and Walter, the second brother, prepared to set out next morning to bring the branch of the tree, and to find his lost brother.

Now, Walter had by him a large ball of fine linen thread, which he was going to take home to his mother; and he rose very early next morning, tied the end of his thread fast at the entrance of the garden, and rolled the ball before him, as he went along; so that the thread followed his footsteps. He reached the tree without difficulty, broke off a branch, and then sat down to recover from the fatigue of ascending the hill. He did not doubt for a moment, that he would be able to find his way back; and his mind was busied with thinking of where *he should seek his brother.*

In this forest was a very small kind of shrew-mouse, whose young were quite naked at first; on which account the old ones sought for soft down, or fine moss, wherewith to line their nests, that their tiny offspring might lie snug and warm. These mice found the fine thread upon the ground, bit it in thousands of pieces, and carried them away; so that, when Walter returned, he soon found himself at a loss, and was not able to find the right path. He wandered on, now through a thicket, then over rocks. Thus he rambled about, without finding his way; and, towards evening, felt so weary and dejected, that he longed for rest. At last he came to the tree in front of the rocks; and, ignorant of who was sleeping there already, or Walter crept into the first cave, lay down by near his brother, and fell asleep.

Now, when the brothers at the castle found

that their second brother did not come back, they were in very great trouble. As soon as day dawned, Frank, the third brother, prepared to set out. He had a bag full of peas, which he had gathered for seed, on account of their beautiful flowers: these he took with him, and dropped a pea now and then, as he went along. Just when he had emptied his bag, he arrived at the top of the hill, and at the tree. He broke off the branch, and, with his heart full of the fate of his brothers, began to retrace his steps.

But a great misfortune awaited him. He had not observed, when he dropped his peas, that numbers of magpies in the tall trees were watching his proceedings; and that these thievish birds had quietly dodged his steps, without his ever turning his head, or suspecting mischief, and had speedily devoured all his peas.

o wonder, then, that he soon felt at a loss for guide. He wandered back, and, in the confusion of so many crossings and turnings, knew not where he was. He began to cry aloud in despair. He fancied that his call was answered, and went towards the sound; but it was only an echo of his own voice. So he wandered out, up hill and down hill, all day; and, quite wearied, came in the evening to the same place where his brothers were sleeping, laid himself down under the tree, and slept also.

When the youngest brother found that Frank did not return, his sorrow was very great. He sought no more of obtaining possession of the wonderful things: the fate of his poor brothers filled his mind. He went to the old warlock and asked his counsel what to do to find his brothers. The old man told him, in a grumtongue, that, if he could only bring the

branch of the tree to the castle, the bird would tell him where to find his brothers; but he endeavoured to dissuade him from the attempt.

Albert then went to his bed; but he could not close his eyes, nor rest. He walked up and down his room, and looked out of the window at the dark starry heavens, and down upon the valley below. He espied faint lights on the earth, as if shining points, or very small stars, were sown there. In his restless mood, unable to guess the nature of these lights, he took his knapsack, and left the castle to find out what they really were. When he came to the meadow, he discovered that these shining specks were in reality little caterpillars. A sudden thought struck him. He laid damp moss in his bag, then picked up a vast number of glow-worms, covered them carefully over with moss, *and hastened back to the castle.* He lay down,

and slept till morning. All that day he walked about, exploring the castle, and examining the garden attentively, but without entering; the old man watching in silence and surprise.

When evening came on, Albert took his knapsack, and went into the garden. He laid his glow-worms down in the path, at a few yards distance, on the damp grass, and went on doing this until he came to the tree on the hill. It had become nearly dark by this time. He broke off the branch, and then sat down to rest. By and by, he perceived the glow-worms begin to shine; and he hastened as quickly as he could, in the direction of their feeble light. He found no difficulty in keeping in the right track, and reached the castle-gate in safety.

The surprise of the old man was very great, when Albert held the branch before his eyes, as he opened the old heavy door. He bowed to

him as to a superior, and led him up to the round chamber in the turret. He found the bird asleep, with its head under its wing; but it soon shook its white feathers, and opened its bright eyes; and, when it saw the branch of the tree, it said, "Thou art now my master, and I am bound to obey thee."

"Then tell me instantly, good bird," said Albert, "where my brothers are."


"They all lie fast asleep in a cave, not far off. Thou must carry me with thee to-morrow, and I will tell thee what thou must do to rouse them from their trance."

Then the old man advanced, and said in a kind tone, "I give you joy from my heart; for hundreds who have come here have been lost in the attempt. I acknowledge you as my lord; and this castle, and all that it contains, belongs to you."

Albert was very impatient for the break of

day. As soon as it was light, he took the bird in its cage, and, accompanied by the old man, entered the wilderness.

The bird directed Albert which way to go; and, when they came to the spring in the valley, the bird bade him stand still; saying, "Drink of this water, and fill your flask." He did so, and then went on towards the tree under which Frank was lying asleep. According to the bird's instructions, Albert sprinkled his face with water, which caused him to yawn, and open his eyes. "Ah! brother, are you here? I believe I have been sleeping a little." — "You have indeed," Albert replied, and led him from the tree. He then aroused the others in the cave in the same manner. He led them to the spring, where they sat down, and refreshed themselves with its pure stream; and then all repaired to the castle, full of joy and thankful-



ness at meeting again. The old man brought out his best store from kitchen and cellar ; and the four brothers enjoyed a hearty repast, after their happy escape from such great danger.

The next day they set out for home ; and their good old father and mother were greatly rejoiced to see them again. After relating their travels, the young men produced their treasures ; and the delight and admiration of the old people was very great to see the pen that could write, the wheel that could spin, and the bird that could talk. Still more did they rejoice that their dear children had been so happily preserved from danger, and become the owners of such a grand old castle.

After a few years the parents died ; and the four sons returned to the castle, rebuilt it, and lived happily there many years, — none of them *returning into the labyrinth any more.*

L I N A.

L I N A.

IN a valley inhabited by a few shepherds and their families, once lived a young girl, named Lina, whose delight it was to make fun of other children, and even to deceive grown-up people. She would often hide a lamb or a kid, to enjoy seeing its owner's trouble in seeking it; but she had even greater pleasure, when the children were scolded or punished by their parents for inattention to the flock.

Lina became so accustomed to these tricks, that she could never meet a child, without teasing it in one way or another. She would tell one, that his mother had been calling him,

and then laugh heartily behind his back, when she saw him running home as fast as he could. To another she would offer a pretty bunch of flowers, in which a thorn was hidden; and which, when smelled at, was sure to prick the nose. If a traveller, coming through the valley, ignorant of the way, had the misfortune to meet Lina, and ask her to show him the road, she was sure to point out a wrong path, which would lead either to a swamp or an untrodden thicket, where he could with difficulty make his way through thorns and bramble-bushes; but, at the same time, her manner would appear so artless, and she would so earnestly assure the traveller, that she had just come that same road herself, and that it was both the nearest and the pleasantest, that he could not help believing her, until too late convinced of her roguery.

Lina grew worse and worse in her behaviour.

Her mother had broken her leg by a fall, and had to hobble about slowly, and with great pain, by the help of a stick. What good daughter would not have pitied and assisted her mother, all that she could? But Lina did not do so. On the contrary, she would not answer when called; and, if her mother came to seek her, she would run away to a distance, and cry out in mockery, "Catch me, if you can." Nevertheless, the mother had a foolish tenderness for Lina, did not like to hear of her faults, and tried to excuse them. She did not punish her for her disobedience and wickedness; and, if any one complained of Lina's bad behaviour or malicious pranks, she would answer, "What can you expect from a child? These are only childish frolics."

A good old neighbour, Meta, admonished her without effect; telling her that she was bringing up her daughter to be a plague to

everybody, but most of all to herself; and that, sooner or later, God punishes all who neglect to instruct their children in the fear of him, and in their duty to man.

One May day, as Lina was going over the meadow, she met little Seppi, and asked him if he would go with her to gather May flowers. "Oh! yes," the boy replied, "I wish to make a wreath to give to my sister to-morrow; for it will be her birth-day."—"Come, then," said Lina; and away they went together into the wood. The bushes, the hazel copses, the birch and the beech-trees, were already in green leaf, and the oaks putting forth their first little red leaves; and, in every open space, the May flowers were blowing in abundance.

After gathering large bunches, and going a long way in the forest, far from any path, Seppi *became uneasy*, and asked Lina if she was not

ready to go home again, and begged her to take him back, as he could not find the way alone.

“Oh! yes, Seppi,” said she; “but just let us gather a few more flowers! You go on that side, and I will take this.” As she spoke, she stooped to the ground, to hide the cunning smile which passed over her face. Seppi stooped to pluck some more flowers; but, when he looked up to speak to Lina, she was not there.

“Lina! Lina!” he cried. Lina did not answer.—“Where are you, Lina?”

Then Lina cried from a distant bush, “Here I am: peep! peep!” She did not wait until Seppi came, but ran quickly away; and, when the little boy arrived at the bush from whence he had heard her call, she was not there. Almost choked with grief and terror, again he cried, “O Lina! do not leave me: tell me where you are.”—“Peep!” again was the reply.

In this way, Lina led the poor child on, now this way, now that; always eluding his search, and crying to him, "Now, Seppi, peep! look this way." Seppi sought here, and sought there, all to no purpose; the wicked girl still mocking him, till he at last fell down amongst some rough sticks and briers, which wounded his face and hands sadly. Lina still continued to cry, "Peep! peep!" as her poor little companion lay sobbing on the ground, unable to follow her any longer.

As Lina was hiding in a very thick bush, the green boughs parted, and a stranger youth stood before her, looking at her with earnest eyes. His hair was bright and waving, his garment light blue; and he held a beautiful full-blown white lily in his hand. Lina stared in great surprise. "Lina," said he, "dost thou play at *hide-and-seek*?"

Lina nodded her head in reply.

“ Well, Lina, I will help thy game.” So saying, he touched Lina’s head with his lily, and she immediately became a bird with bluish-brown feathers, which flew up in the air, and disappeared amongst the foliage of the nearest tree, crying, “ Cuckoo ! Cuckooo ! ”

The stranger youth led little Seppi safely through the wood, and helped him to carry the May flowers. When they reached the meadow, he vanished like a light cloud in the air.

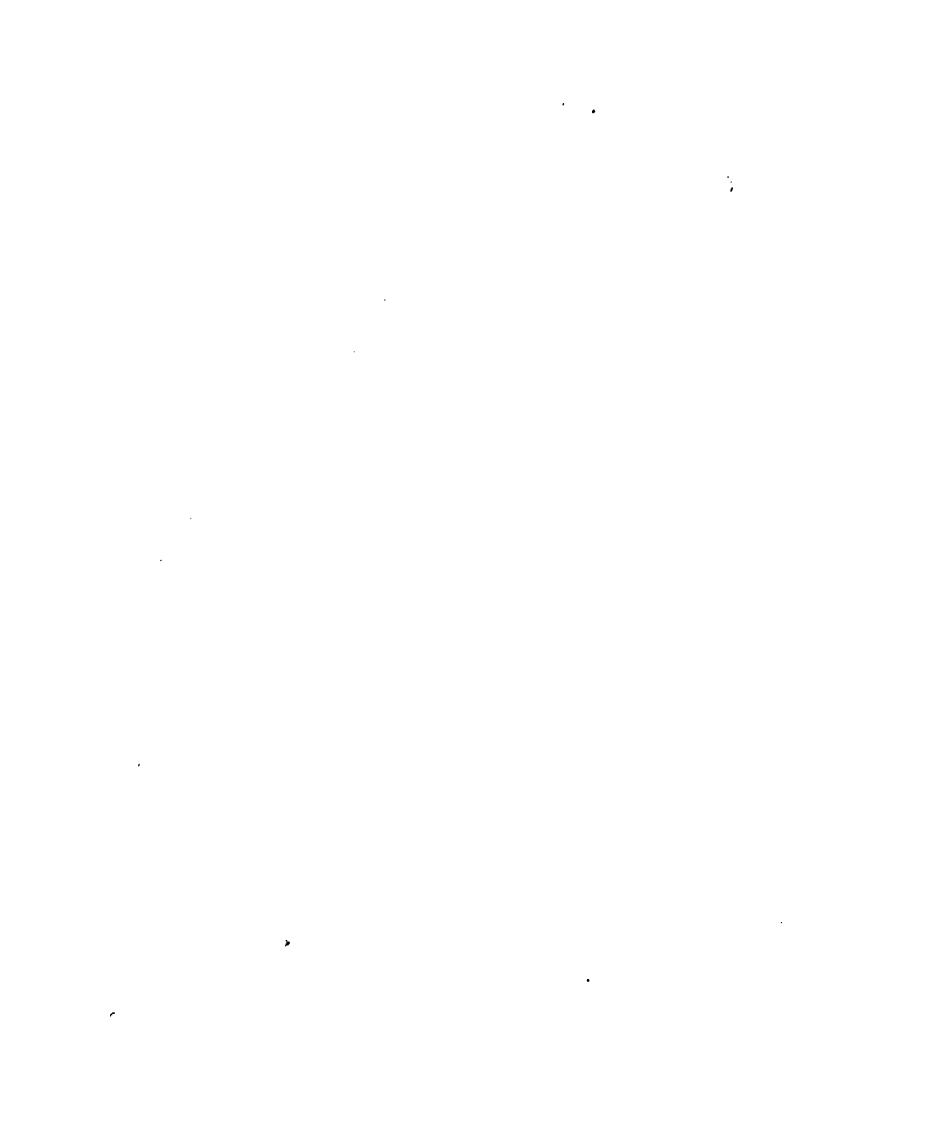
Lina never more returned to her home in the alley, but remained a bird, crying in the forest spring through, “ Cuckoo ! ” hiding herself, so that no eyes could see her. Since that time, and comes every spring, screaming, “ Cuckoo, ” warning those children who are fond of teasing and deceiving others, to remember the fate of

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THE HEDGEHOG.



THE HEDGEHOG.

THERE was once a Hedgehog, which had its hole close by the root of a very old tree. As this tree had ceased to bear fruit, the man to whom it belonged came with his tools to cut it down. When he grubbed up the old roots, in order to plant a young tree in the same place. By these means, the Hedgehog's retreat was quite destroyed, and he himself narrowly escaped with his life. Homeless and forlorn, he wandered about the fields. "I am too lazy," thought he to himself, "to dig another hole. Perhaps some well-natured animal will take me in." While

he was thus thinking, he found himself near the entrance of a Fox's den. The Fox peeped out to see who was there. "Now, friend Hedgehog," said he, "what brings you here?" The Hedgehog told him, that he had been so unfortunate as to lose his habitation. "Dig thyself another hole," cried the Fox. "That I mean to do," answered the Hedgehog; "but it will take some time; and, in the meanwhile, I am quite without shelter. Pray, be kind, and take me into thy den."

"No, no," replied the Fox, as he looked upon him with a dubious eye; "I cannot make any use of you,—you are too prickly." But the Hedgehog continued his entreaty so earnestly and humbly, and assured the Fox he was so small that the least corner of the den would be sufficient, that the Fox was at last induced, out of compassion, to grant the favour he desired,

and to admit him. The Hedgehog entered, and laid himself down in a separate nook, and was, for the first day or two, so quiet and inoffensive in his behaviour, that the Fox said to himself, "It would have been very obstinate and unkind, if I had not received the poor fellow. He does not annoy me in the least."

The guest, however, did not long continue so modest. The den pleased him, and he wished to have it all to himself. "This Master Fox," said he, "is a tiresome inmate. He sprawls about, and stretches himself out in his cave, as no one else lived in it. Next, he plays the master of the house, and makes an opening now here, now there, or closes it up, just as he likes, without consulting me, or regarding convenience. People should be courteous to their guests. In the third place, he diffuses an insufferable smell, that I can no longer

endure it ; and I shall certainly be ill, if I am obliged to breathe the poisonous odour. I must care for my own precious health. Therefore *he* must look out for another lodging ; and *I* will abide here, and dwell *alone*, and not be subject to so many annoyances. He shall and must go : I can bear him no longer."

Soon after this, the Fox entered, and laid himself quietly down ; then the impudent guest crept close to him. "That will never do," said the Fox ; "you must keep your sharp prickles away from me. The cave is large enough : go, and find another place."

The Hedgehog returned no answer, but drew closer and closer to him, and pretended not to hear the Fox's complaint. The latter became very angry, and bit the intruder, who had quickly rolled himself up into a ball ; and the Fox *only* wounded his lips severely with the

prickles. Quite vexed, the Fox retreated to the farthest corner of the den; but no sooner had he lain down, than his tormentor was by his side: whichever way he fled, the odious creature pursued.

The Fox bore this ill-treatment for some days; and then, unable to endure it any longer, he left his cave in the possession of the Hedgehog, and sought out another dwelling, where he could live unmolested, and in peace.

“My children,” said the mother who related his little story, “we may compare this hedgehog to sin, which also seeks an entrance into the innocent heart. But we must steadfastly resist, and turn away from it, that we may not let persuade us; for, if sin only once gains access the smallest corner of our hearts, it will do

exactly as the hedgehog did. It will spr
continually, until it has power to drive out
the goodness that originally dwelt there.
lay this lesson to heart."

TONY, THE MILLER'S SON.



TONY, THE MILLER'S SON.

IN a valley between two high mountains, there once stood a solitary mill. The stream which turned the great wheel was so strong and rapid, that its current never ceased the year through. Even in the hottest summer weather, when all other mills had to stop for want of water, or in the depth of winter, when other mill streams were frozen over, this same mill could go on, ever working, and never standing still. For this reason, people brought their grain from far and near, even from the distant city on the farthest side of the lake which received the waters of the stream.

It came to pass, that the old miller grew weary of the lonely mill, and of the perpetual clack which it made. So, having saved money, he determined to sell the mill, and afterwards go to the city, there to spend the remainder of his days. After having agreed with a purchaser, and received the payment, he delivered the key of the mill up to him with these words: "Friend, you have paid me honourably, and I must give you a bit of good advice into the bargain. You may be visited sometimes by strange persons, of very small stature, who will ask favours of you. Follow my counsel, and oblige them in what they request. You will find your interest in so doing."—Then the old miller bade him good bye, and went his way.

The new miller took possession of the place, with his wife, and only child named Tony. *As he was active, industrious, and clever at his*

business, of a frugal turn, and his wife likewise a good manager, no wonder that his gains increased, and that he prospered in outward condition.

Half a year had passed away, without his hearing or seeing any of the dwarfish people which the old miller had mentioned at parting; but, one morning, as he was standing outside the mill, a little woman, about two feet in height, appeared before him so suddenly, that he started in surprise. With a small clear voice, she thus spoke: — “Good morning, neighbour. I came to ask you to open your sluice-gates at noon, so that your mill may stop for half an hour. We have had our large wash, and shall empty our tubs, which will cause a flood, that might injure your mill. Farewell! and, pray, attend to my friendly warning.” She nodded her head, and disappeared as quickly as she had come.

The miller could not tell what to think. He had never heard of these neighbours before. He had lately been in the upper valley to cut firewood for the winter season, and had seen no trace of inhabitants in the silent, gloomy forest. "Besides," thought he, "wherever they are, and if they have ever so great a wash, what need to stop my mill? No, no! it will not do, careful neighbour: there is a great deal of meal to be ground to-day, and we must lose no time." He went to his work, and forgot the warning.

At dinner, however, as he was sitting with his wife and son, one of the men came in hastily, crying, "Master! master! has not the little water maid given you notice, as she always did to my old master? She and her company are having their large wash, and have been emptying their water tubs. Hark! how the stream *roars and rages*, and the wheel turns as if driven

by a hurricane! The sky is clear, — there has been no rain, yet look at the rushing torrent!”

The miller, alarmed, looked out of the window. His face became red with anger, and he said, “What did I know about the water witch, and her abominable washing-day? Spiteful, mischievous hag!”

In an hour or two, the stream resumed its usual course, and subsided to its former level: but the wheels and works of the mill were damaged; and the miller's pocket suffered from the expense of repairs, and from the hindrance to the working. He lost many, many half-hours, and much money also.

After some time, the mill went on clacking and grinding corn as well as ever, when one day the miller stood looking at his meadow, thinking to himself, —

“The grass looks very well, and the weather

is fine: this meadow must be mown to-morrow."

As he thus stood and looked, he saw two large bubbles rise out of the wet ditch that bounded the meadow, which floated over the long grass towards him; and, bursting asunder, two airy figures, like young girls, appeared,—so transparent, that the miller fancied that he could see the grass through them, as they floated over it. A gentle voice said, "Good day, miller! we beg thou wilt allow us to dance this evening upon this meadow."

Though much astonished, the miller quickly replied in a cross tone, "How! dance upon my meadow! tread down my grass!"

The voice answered, "We will not do thy grass any harm: we and our friends dance so lightly, that we shall hardly touch the tips of *thy long grass*."

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THE FAIRY'S REQUEST.

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The miller replied sharply, "Why, then, ask me? If you do not trample my grass, you may dance all the year round for me."

"Thanks," replied the airy creature; "we only beg, for thy own good, that thou wilt not mow thy grass until after a shower of rain has wetted it after our dance. Remember this." They vanished like a thin vapour.

"Foolish people!" grumbled the miller: "did I ever hear such nonsense? Must I put off my hay-making till it rains? We may not have such fine, dry weather again during the summer. I will send my men to cut it down to-morrow. He went back to the mill, and gave his orders, but said not a word to anybody about what he had seen and heard."

When Tony, the miller's son, was going to bed that evening, he looked out of the window, and then cried to his father, "There is a

strange man with a lantern in the meadow. How fast he runs! What a jump! Now there's another! Father, do come, and see what a number!"

The miller and his wife both went to the window, and beheld the meadow full of pale lights, dancing about, sometimes forming a wide circle, now dispersing in all directions, then mingling confusedly together; and the latter said, "These can be nothing but Jack-o'-lanterns, or wandering Willies. They come out of the boggy ground, and are driven about by the wind. Woe to the unlucky traveller who takes them for his guide!" After looking a while, they all went to bed.

Next day, the men obeyed the master's orders, and mowed the grass. The weather was so fine, that the hay was made in a few days, and brought *safely* into the barn.

No sooner, however, had the cattle begun to eat of the hay, than they were all seized with mortal sickness. In a few weeks the stalls were empty; and even the sheep and pigs, which had been turned out to graze in the meadow, shared the same fate. The miller bought more cows, and fed them with the same hay; but they also died. He stormed and cursed, accused his servants of neglect, and was so ill-humoured that his wife and son dared not say a word to him. He set out for the city to find the old miller, and to complain of his losses. The good old man told him, that he must have forgotten the warning he gave him at parting, and have disobliged, or been unfriendly towards, his curious little neighbours; advised him to burn his hay, and to beware of showing ill-nature in future.

The miller went home, and burned his hay.

Then he borrowed money to buy more cattle which all thrived, and were profitable; but the miller felt very unhappy on account of his losses and because he was in debt.

He worked more diligently; he rose earlier and bade his wife be more economical in the kitchen. His workmen's food was of a worse quality; and to no poor man, who ventured to knock at his gate, did he open his hand in charity.

One day, a very diminutive man, dressed in brown, with skin of the same colour, holding a small bag in his hand, knocked at the door of the mill, and begged a little fine meal. The miller looked black, and bade him begone.

"I ask for very little: see, my bag is so small, that it will not hold more than a handful or two."

More angry, as the brown man continued his

entreaty, the miller replied, "I will not give you an atom." — "Do have pity!" still implored the brown man: "I *must* have meal, and I *must* have it as a gift, or else I would pay for it a thousand fold."

The iron-hearted miller became furious; and, notwithstanding the little man's humble begging and praying, he loosed the great dog, and set him to drive away the importunate beggar.

As the little man was passing the tall garden hedge, Tony slipped out at the back door, and crept softly to the hedge, saying, "Wait a minute, and give me your bag."

The little man gave him the bag through the hedge, and Tony ran to the store-room, where stood several sacks; out of one of which he filled the bag with the finest meal that could be ground in his father's mill; then hastened to the hedge, and gave it to the little man, who

received it with joy, and thanked Tony heartily for his kindness; adding, "If you are in great distress, and want help, come to the Oak-spring."

He nodded his head, and Tony saw him take the steep path up the mountain, and run with great speed, until he disappeared in the dark forest beyond.

"Poor little fellow!" thought Tony, "how fast he hastens up! He must surely live on the mountains, and can get no meal, and has therefore come to father's mill. Perhaps he has a hungry little child at home, for whom he wants to make some porridge. It was very wrong of me to go and take father's meal out of the store-room, without his knowledge; yet the little man's need was so great, and he begged so earnestly, that it would have been a greater *injustice* not to have taken pity on him. I will

go to my mother, and beg her to give me less to my breakfast and supper, until the meal is replaced."

So he went to his mother, and told her of his faults; and she forgave him freely, because he came directly to own them, and because he wished the loss to fall upon himself, rather than do wrong to his father.

Summer was nearly over, and there were violent storms of wind and rain. At last, a water-spout burst in the upper valley, which caused such a sudden and terrible flood, that the miller and his family had only just time to save their own lives by flight, and had to leave all behind, even the poor cattle in the stalls, to the fury of the raging torrent. While the resistless flood was at its height, and sweeping away all before it, a flash of lightning struck the

mill, and set it on fire ; so that what one element spared was destroyed by another. From the hill where he and his family had taken refuge, the poor miller beheld how all his substance became a prey to the consuming fire and the overwhelming flood. In the morning he had been possessed of house and land : in the evening he could call nothing his own, but the miserable heap of ruins below.

When the waters had subsided, and the fire was extinguished, the miller contrived a wretched hovel in the only corner left standing of the mill ; and here he, his wife and child, abode in the extreme of poverty. Once the miller's only care was to gain and increase riches : now his spirit was so crushed within him, that he wandered about complaining, and accusing the justice of Heaven in thus afflicting him. *By and by*, his wife drooped, and became very

ill, which completed the misfortunes of the miller.

The good boy was grieved for his parents' misery, but chiefly for the illness of his poor mother, who was now quite unable to leave her wretched bed of moss and leaves. Two goats had escaped the general destruction. These Tony took care of, and drove them out to feed on the mountains every day. Having set out with them one day, he took the same hill-path by which the brown man had gone when he left the mill, and went on much farther than ever he had been before, until he came to a large oak-tree, under whose roots he perceived a cave, which appeared to have been hollowed out by a spring. At the entrance, Tony sat down on a bank of moss beneath the tree, and suffered his goats to browse and skip about at their pleasure.

"Oh!" said he, "if father was only cheerful, and mother quite well, all would be right. Though we had no mill, and only bread and goats' milk, I should be quite content; and, when I am bigger, I will work honestly, and give what money I can earn to my father and mother."

With these thoughts in his head, he fell asleep. He had not slept long, before he was awakened by his name called twice. Opening his eyes to the sound, he perceived the back of the door opened into a dark passage, at whose end stood the little brown man, who, now kindly said, "Art thou come at last? I shouldst have come hither sooner. I must go out to-day, my dear child; but do not enter without fear, and thou wilt not regret. I will show thee my house and garden, *will please thee, I am sure.*"

Quite unconcerned, Tony followed the little brown man of the mines ; and, after going on a long time, they came to a passage lined with smooth stone. As they proceeded, the light became stronger ; and they next entered an alley, of which the walls were formed of large iron plates. Passing through this, they reached another, lined with bright sheets of copper, which led to a large hall, with roof and pillars of burnished silver. From this hall, a pair of folding-doors gave access to a splendid room, with walls, roof, and floor, of solid gold, and windows of transparent crystal. The next room was covered with red rubies, having windows formed of large diamonds. The little man showed Tony several other halls and chambers, each fitted up with a different kind of precious stones, sapphires, topaz, emerald, amethyst, and beryl. Last of all, they came to a vestibule,

with a dome, and pillars of the bright polished steel.

"My little brothers will rejoice to see said the brown man: "come into the garden. There they went, and Tony was more delighted with it than with all he had before seen. It was enclosed by a fence of gold and silver curiously wrought. There were many beautiful flowers in full blossom, such as he had never seen before, and trees loaded with fruits, equally unknown to him. Instead of gravel or sand, the walks were formed of pebbles of granite, marble, agate, and jasper.

In one of the walks, a great number of brown men were playing. They piled up the pebbles, jumped over them, and laughed heartily if one did not spring over, or tumbled down. When Tony came near, they cried "Welcome, Tony!" — ran to him, shook


head, and looked kindly in his face. They gathered some fruit, and offered it to the little boy, who ate it, and found it very delicious.

After playing with the company of brown miners for some time, one of them said, "Come, now : we will take our friend to the nut-trees." Then they all ran to the other side of the garden, where grew a long row of nut-trees, which bore gold and silver nuts, and which looked just like the trees which the angels bring to good children on Christmas eve. The brown men took long sticks, and began to knock the nuts off. They gave Tony a stick also, and encouraged him to throw at the nuts. After bringing down a great number, they seated themselves in a circle, and divided the nuts equally, giving Tony his share. One of the little men brought a thick diamond needle, bored Tony's nuts, and threaded them on a

blue silk cord; and the beautiful necklace so long, that, when he threw it over his shoulders, it hung down quite to his knees.

Then the brown man said, "It is thy duty to return: thy parents will have thee. But, first, I will give thee a sword for thy mother, and a pomegranate for thy father, which he must open very carefully, for he will know what use to make of its contents. Tell him, we send him this to recompense thee for the meal which thou gavest me from the store, without his leave, and that we do so for thy sake."

Tony modestly inquired if he might have the necklace; and the brown man replied that it was given to him to do as he pleased. Tony thought that the necklace would make his father rich again, and resolved to give it to him.



Then he took leave of his kind little friends; and his conductor led him back through the passages of copper, iron, and stone, and the dark cave. When near the entrance, the little brown man said, "Now, I must bid thee farewell. I can go no further. Go, and lie down on the soft moss under the root of the tree, and rest. Thou hast travelled further than thou thinkest, and otherwise thou wilt be too weary to reach home to-night."

When Tony came out in the open air, he felt quite tired, and was glad to lie down upon the moss, where he had fallen asleep before he went into the cave. Again he slept soundly. When he awoke, the sun had set. He rubbed his eyes, as people do after a long slumber, saw his goats browsing near him, and thought that the adventure in the cave must be all a dream. He started up, and drove his goats as

quickly as he could, that he might reach home before it was quite dark.

As the little boy appeared, his mother asked him in a weak voice, "Where hast thou stayed so long? We have sought thee three days, and have been very unhappy, believing that some great mishap had befallen thee."

Tony answered, "I have been up to the Oak-spring this afternoon, and slept there a little while, — that is all. What do you mean by talking about three days?"

"No, no, child. Thy father sought thee in vain at the Oak-spring, on the first day. Since then, he has been wandering about upon the hills and in the valley, and is gone out once more, almost in despair of finding thee again. — But come nearer, dear child, and let me see the shining thing which hangs round thy neck."

Just then, his father entered. "Ah! Tony,

where hast thou been? I thought thee lost for ever."

Tony looked at his father and mother; then at his necklace, which, in his haste to get home, he had not observed; and exclaimed, "Then it is not a dream! I really must have been with the little brown men, in their house and garden. These golden and silver nuts grew upon their trees;" and, feeling in his pocket, he brought out the fruits. "They have also given me presents for you. This thing for you, father, is called a pomegranate: you must open it carefully, and will know how to use it; and this sweet orange is for you to eat, dear mother."

So saying, he gave to each one the brown man's gift. His mother received the orange with a pleased look, and ate it with great relish immediately.

Not so the father. He took the pomegra-

nate from the little boy, examined it with suspicion, and asked Tony, "Who are the little brown men whom thou speakest of?"

"Don't you remember, father, once in summer, a little brown man came to the mill, and begged you to give him a little fine meal in a bag? You would not give him any, and drove him away; but I was so sorry for him, that I filled his bag secretly out of the finest meal in the store-room. I think they are dressed like miners, father."

"And does he send me a present?" said the conscience-stricken miller, almost dropping the fruit out of his hands. "What must I do with it? There may be something hidden within that will kill, or at least hurt me."

"Oh! no, father. They are too good to take revenge. They send the pomegranate, because *the meal* came out of your store. There is no

thing bad in it, I am sure. Pray, do open it.” — “Yes, indeed,” said the mother, “I know that the presents of the little brown men always bring good fortune. I feel myself quite better since I have eaten my orange.”

“Well,” said her husband, “then I will open my fruit, and eat it; for I don’t know what else to do with it.” As he spoke, he broke the rind of the pomegranate; and there rolled out, not pretty pink grains, but polished, sparkling diamonds. “Precious stones!” said the astonished man; “I can sell these for a great sum, and rebuild my mill.” He went the very next day to the city, and returned in the evening with a waggon drawn by three horses, and filled with furniture, provisions, and clothes; and, under all these, were three chests full of gold pieces, which he had received from the jeweller as the price of the diamonds.

The mill and the dwelling-house were both larger, handsomer, and more convenient than before. By the next year, the mill was again busy; the farm stocked with corn and sheep; the poultry yard, the bee-hive, the pretty garden, all flourishing and in good order. The people came from far and near to grind their corn at the mill, and the miller was an industrious and prosperous man; no longer hard-hearted, however, as he was before his misfortunes. Now, when a poor man came to beg a handful of meal, Tony had no need to creep slyly into the store-room to fill his bag without his father's knowledge. Having experienced the bitterness of poverty himself, he readily shared the bounties of Providence with the needy and distressed; and a blessing came upon him, and all his house.

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THE GLEANER.



THE GLEANER.

ONE very hot day in harvest, Willy obtained leave to go to his father's corn-field. He enjoyed playing there very much: he liked to watch the reapers bind up the sheaves, and load the waggons; and also to gather field flowers, and form them into wreaths to give to his mother, who admired them very much. After running about until he was hot and tired, Willy seated himself under the shade of a large walnut-tree, to rest, and amuse himself with disposing into a garland the large bunch of poppies, corn bottles, and darnel, which he had gathered.

As he was thus occupied, he saw a poor little barefooted, ragged boy enter the field, crying bitterly; his feet bleeding, and an empty bag slung by a cord round his neck.

Willy felt instantly sorry for the distressed child, went to him, and asked him what he cried for, and what had caused his feet to bleed. He made the boy sit down under the walnut-tree by him, and, by dint of kind inquiries, drew out his simple story as follows:—

“There are five children of us, and our father and mother are very poor. I am the eldest, and my father sends me out in harvest-time to glean in the corn-fields; for we have no field of our own to reap, and the little money for which father toils so hard is barely enough to procure our daily bread. I can fill this bag in a day, if I work diligently; and I hope to make *a little store* against winter, when father is often

unemployed, and earning nothing. I went out at daybreak this morning, and had more than half filled my bag, when I had the misfortune to venture into the squire's large corn-field. The corn was all reaped, and bound up in sheaves. As there were no other gleaners there, I found good store of ears on the ground, and should soon have filled my bag, if the squire's son, who was in the field, had not seen me. He came close to me with a stick in his hand, and called me a dirty beggar-boy. I went on with my gleaning, as though I did not hear him, which vexed him the more; so that he set the dog at me: I was very much frightened, and, in fear and self-defence, took up a handful of earth to throw at the creature; which so incensed its master, that he came up to me, pulled my bag violently from my neck, emptied all that I had gathered upon the ground, threw

the bag in my face, and gave me several kicks and blows, and ended by setting the great dog at me, whose bites you now see upon my feet.'

"What a wretch!" cried Willy. "Did you not treat him in return as he deserved?"

"No, indeed: I only begged that he would allow me to pick up my ears of corn again. But he would not consent, but drove me out of the field, bidding me never dare to show my face there again, under pain of a sound drubbing from the men, who would have been ready enough; for they laughed very loud, when they saw the squire's son so ill-treating me." Then the poor sorrowful child began its lamentation afresh.

"Do your feet hurt you very much?" asked Willy, in a very sympathising tone.

"Yes, badly enough," was the reply; "but

I would not mind that much, if I had not to go home with my bag empty. Father will think that I have been idling all day, and will be angry, and not give me any thing to eat. I am very hungry now, and have had only a small piece of dry bread before I came out this morning."

"Oh!" is that all?" rejoined Willy. "Here, take this; for I am not hungry myself," handing out a bun which his mother had put in his pocket. The poor boy hesitated to take the bun, but yielded to Willy's kind entreaty, and ate it up in a very short time.

Then Willy said, "Now, let us fill the little bag." So they went to the places where the shearers had stood before the cart was loaded, and had nearly filled the bag half full, when Willy heard his father calling him from under the walnut-tree. Willy hastened to him, and

said, "Father, I wish you would let me the poor boy there to fill his bag."

"But I want you to go to the garden," replied the father. "There are apricots to be gathered, and I know some that likes them very much."

"Yes, I do like apricots; but to-day to stay here to help this poor boy much. I do pity him very much, he has been so treated by a great rude boy."

Then Willy told his father of the boy's misfortune in the squire's field, — how the scoundrel had beaten and the dog bitten him, — how the poor boy had cried at the thought of taking home an empty bag. The father listened attentively to his son's tale, and, without saying a word, went up to the little ragged fellow who was so busy gathering the fallen ears, and *did not* hear any one approach.

“Shall I help you?” said the loud voice of the master of the field. The child was terrified, and replied, “Indeed, I have not touched a single stalk or ear of corn, except those which are left on the ground.”—“I believe you, child; otherwise you would be a stealer, and not a gleaner. Come hither.” He went to a sheaf of corn, and he and Willy filled the bag quite full.

As soon as this was done, Willy sprung up, and, hugging and kissing his father, said, “Thank you, thank you, dear father: you are very good.”

“May God reward you!” said the poor boy, as he went away with tears of gratitude in his eyes. Little Willy looked and felt very happy, and went jumping and frisking about his father on their way to the garden.

The father said, “Why are you so merry?”

Is it on account of the ripe apricots, or because you have tasted a different pleasure?"

Willy looked into his father's face with pressive eyes, and said, "It is because that boy is made happier."

After leaving the garden, he ran to mother, and gave her the wreath that he made for her. She received it with pleasure and listened with kind sympathy to her boy's simple tale, and rejoiced that he had a kind and tender heart.

Willy continued to be a very kind frier the little gleaner. He was allowed to give clothes, books, and playthings, and was so happy and cheerful as when, in play or doing good, he lost sight of his own gratification. He grew up to be a worthy respected and honoured; and, through his *volence*, dried many a tear of penury and ca

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STORY OF A MANIKIN.



STORY OF A MANIKIN,

RELATED BY MULEY, A TURKISH MERCHANT.

IN Nicea, the dear city of my birth, dwelt a man who was called Manikin. I can yet remember him perfectly, though I was then very young; for my father once beat me almost to death on his account.

Manikin was an ancient personage when I knew him; yet he was only between three and four feet in height; and his appearance was remarkable, from his having a very large head, quite out of proportion to his small, nicely-shaped body. He lived entirely alone in a large house, acted as cook, and performed all household busi-

ness himself; and, as he went out of the house but once in every four weeks, no one in the street would have known whether he was alive or dead, if it had not been for a great deal of smoke which ascended from his chimney at the dinner hour. In the evening he might be seen occasionally walking backwards and forwards upon the flat roof of his house, when he looked, from the street, as if nothing but a great head was moving about.

I and my comrades were naughty boys; fond of playing tricks, and making fun of everybody. It was therefore quite a feast-day to us when little Manikin went abroad. We assembled before his house on the well-known day, waiting till he came out; and, when the door opened, first the large head, with the larger turban peeped forth, and then the little body followed *after*, wrapt in thread-bare cloak, wide trousers

and a broad girdle in which was stuck a large dagger, — the air resounded with our shouts ; we threw our caps aloft, and danced round him like mad creatures. But little Manikin greeted us by nodding his head gravely, and went along the street with slow steps, shuffling his feet, on which he wore large wide slippers, such as I never saw before nor since. We boys ran behind him, crying out without ceasing, “ Little Manikin, little Manikin ! ” and we made a rhyme, which we sung to him, thus :—

“ Little Midge, in thy great house
Thou livest like a creeping mouse.
Once a month thou comest out :
Then we urchins make a rout ;
Up and down we follow thee,
Head and shoes and all to see :
Peep at us, O funny man !
Then run, and catch us if you can.”

To my shame I must acknowledge, I outdid my companions in rudeness ; for I plucked him by the cloak, and once came behind him, and trod upon the large slippers, so he fell down. This afforded us a good deal of entertainment ; but my laughing was soon over when I saw little Midge going to my father's house. He went straight in, and remained there some time. I hid myself behind the house-door, and saw the little man come out attended by my father, who held him respectfully by the hand, and took leave of him : he bowed with many bows. I felt my courage fail, and therefore stayed a good while in my hiding place. At last, hunger compelled me to come out, and I approached my father with a humble mien.

"I hear that thou hast been giving orders to the little Manikin," he said in a very

tone. "I will relate the history of the little man, and you will then be cured of laughing at him again; but first you must have your regular dose." This dose was five and twenty lashes, which he was only too well accustomed to administer. He therefore took his pipe tube, unscrewed the amber mouth-piece, and belaboured me harder than ever. When the five and twenty blows were fulfilled, he ordered me to sit down, which I did as well as I could, and to listen to him attentively, while he related the story of the Manikin as follows:—

"The Manikin's father, whose proper name was Mukrah, was a decent poor man, of this city, who lived almost as solitary a life as his son does now. He could hardly bear the sight of his son, because he was ashamed of his dwarfish shape; and he suffered him to grow up in ignorance. Little Manikin, when in his

sixteenth year, was still only a merry child; and his father, who was a grave man, always found fault with him, that he who should have long ago stepped out of his baby-shoes was still so trifling and childish.

“Mukrah had a bad fall, which caused his death; and he left his son at the age of seventeen, poor and ignorant. Some iron-hearted relatives, to whom the father owed more money than he could pay, drove the poor little fellow out of the house, advising him to go out into the world, and seek his fortune. Manikin replied that he was quite ready, but only begged to have his father’s apparel, which was given to him. Now, his father had been a large, strong man, and the garments did not fit Manikin; but he cut off from those that were too long, and donned them upon himself.

“*He seemed to have forgotten, that he must*

cut his way through the wide world: hence his strange appearance, as he is yet to be seen to this day. The large turban, the broad girdle, the wide hose, the little blue mantle, are all heir-looms of his father, which he has worn ever since. He stuck his father's long Damascus dagger in his girdle, seized a little stick, and trudged out at the gate.

“He wandered with a cheerful heart, the whole day; for he had set out to seek his fortune. If he saw a bit of broken glass or china shining in the sun upon the ground, he picked it up, and preserved it, in the certain belief of its being changed into a diamond. If he saw the cupola of a distant mosque glow like fire, or a lake dazzle like a looking-glass, he hastened thither, full of joy, expecting to enter a Fairy-land. But, ah! these delusions vanished when he drew near; and soon his extreme weariness,

and the cravings of hunger, convinced him that he was still in the region of mortals. He travelled on for two days in hunger and sorrow, and despaired of finding his fortune. The fruits of the field were his only nourishment; the bare earth, his nightly bed.

“On the morning of the third day, he saw a great city from the top of a hill. The crescent moon lighted the tops of the spires and pinna-
cles; and flags of various colours waved from the roofs, appearing to Manikin as if they beckoned to him. He stood still, and gazed on the scene with surprise. ‘Yes! there little Manikin will find his fortune,’ said he to himself; and, spite of his weariness, he made a spring in the air, ‘There or nowhere!’ He mustered all his strength, and went towards the city. But though it appeared to be quite near, yet *he did not reach it till noon; for his little limbs*

almost refused their office, and he was obliged many times to rest himself under the shade of palm-trees.

“ At length he attained the gate of the city. He set his mantle straight, folded his turban anew, wiped the dust from his shoes, grasped his little stick, and went boldly through the gate. He wandered through many streets ; but no door opened to him, as he expected : no one came forth, saying, ‘ Come, Manikin, come in ; eat and drink, and let the sole of thy foot have rest.’ He looked up with longing eye at a large beautiful house, when a window opened. An old woman looked out, and cried with a sing-song tune : —

‘ Hither come, hither come :
Broth is cooked, and nicely done ;
Table is with plenty spread :
Neighbours all, haste to be fed.’

The house-door was opened, and Manikin saw many dogs and cats going in. He stood some moments in doubt whether he should obey the invitation; but at last took courage, and went into the house. Two young kittens went before him; and he resolved to follow them because they probably knew the way to the kitchen better than he did.

“When Manikin reached the topmost stair, the same old woman met him, who had looked out of the window. She looked surlily at him, and asked him what he wanted. ‘I have invited anybody to your broth; and, because I am very hungry indeed, I have come.’

“The old woman laughed heartily, and said, ‘Where dost thou come from, strange fellow? The whole city knows that I cook for nobody but my dear cats, and that now and then

invite a little company to them out of the neighbourhood, as thou seest.'

"Manikin related to the old dame how hardly it had gone with him since his father's death, and begged her to let him share with her cats to-day. The dame seemed well pleased with the simple tale of the poor little fellow, invited him to be her guest, and gave him plenty to eat; and when he was satisfied and refreshed, and after examining him a long time, she said, 'Manikin, stay with me, in my service: thou shalt have little trouble, and be well kept.' .

"Manikin, who liked the cats' dinner very much, consented to this proposal, and became the servant of the Lady Ahawzi. He had a very easy, but a singular office. Lady Ahawzi had two gib cats and four tabbies, whose fur he had to comb every morning, and rub them with precious ointment. When the old lady went

out, he had to watch the cats, and guard them from straying. When they were eating, he had to change their plates ; and at night he had to lay them on silken cushions, and cover them up with velvet quilts. There were also some little dogs in the house ; but there was much less fuss made about them, than with the cats, which Lady Ahawzi treated as if they were her own children. Manikin led as solitary a life as in his father's house ; for, except the old lady, he saw only dogs and cats the whole day.

“For some time, all went well with little Manikin. He had always plenty to eat, and little work ; and the old lady appeared to be quite contented with him. But, by and by, the cats became uncivil. When the old woman went out, they sprang about the room, as possessed with evil spirits, threw all into confusion, and broke many beautiful vessels wh

stood in their way. But, when they heard the old lady coming up the steps, they crept upon their cushions, and waved their tails about, as if nothing had happened. The old lady was very angry when she saw her parlour in such a state, and laid all the fault on Manikin; for, though he asserted his innocence, and told how the cats behaved in her absence, she would not believe him, but trusted more to her cats' hypocritical looks than to her servant.

“Little Manikin was very sorrowful that he had not found his good fortune here, and resolved to quit the old lady's service; but, since experience had taught him how hard it is to live without money, he resolved to obtain, in some kind of way, the wages which his mistress had always promised, but had never given to him. In Lady Ahawzi's house was a room which was always locked, and which Minikin

had never seen ; but he had frequently h
the old lady rummaging there, and w
have given his ears to know what she ha
secretly locked up. While he was thinkin
his money for travelling, he concluded that
likely the old woman's treasure was hidde
this chamber. She kept it so safely loc
that he was never likely to have a chanc
getting to it. One morning, when Lady Ah
had gone out, one of the little dogs, whom
old woman treated in a very step-mother
of manner, but who deserved kindness for
many affectionate services, came and pulle
Manikin's wide trousers, and made signs tha
should follow him. Manikin, who was al
ready to play with the little dogs, followed
and, behold ! it led him to the treasure-char
of Lady Ahawzi, having a small door half o
which he had never before remarked. The

entered first, and then Manikin; and greatly rejoiced was he to find himself in the room which had so long been the object of his desire. He spied all about to find money; but none was there, — only old clothes, and vessels of extraordinary shape. One of these jars attracted his attention particularly: it was of crystal, and had beautiful figures engraved upon it. He lifted it up, and admiring, turned it on all sides; but, oh! horror! he had not noticed that it had a lid, which was loosely put on. This lid fell down, and broke in a thousand pieces.

“Poor Manikin stood motionless with fright. Now his fate was decided: he must make his escape, or the old woman would strike him dead. He determined on his journey, and was looking about to see if there was any thing in the hoards of the old woman, which could help

him on his march, when he noticed a pair of slippers, very large, but not at all handsome. His own, however, could not serve him for any more journeying: besides, he liked the other on account of their size; for he felt sure that when he had them on his feet, every one would say he had left off his *baby* shoes. He speedily kicked off his old slippers, and put on the large ones. He also saw a walking-stick, with a lion's head of gold on the top, standing idly in a corner. That he took also, and hastened out of the room.*

“Then he went to his little chamber, put on his father's mantle and turban, stuck the dagger in his girdle, and ran as quickly as his feet would

* I think Manikin had no right to do this: it was dishonest. But, suppose, as his father had neglected him so much, he was not so much *blame* as if he had been taught the sin of breaking the commandment “*Thou shalt not steal.*”

carry him out of the house into the city. From the city he ran faster than ever, from dread of the old woman, till he could hardly go on any longer for weariness. He had never run so fast in all his life; and he felt as if he could not give over running, but was impelled forwards by some invisible power. At last he discovered that the slippers were the cause of this; for they kept shooting forwards, and dragging him along with them. In various ways he tried to stand still, but in vain. At last, in despair, he cried out, as they call to horses, 'Whoo! whoo! halt! whoo!' Then the slippers stayed still, and Manikin sank down exhausted on the ground.

"He was very much pleased with the slippers; for in them he had gained for his services something that would help him wonderfully on his way through the world, in search of good.


fortune. In spite of his joy, however, he fell asleep from exhaustion; for poor Manikin's body, having so heavy a head to carry, could not hold out any longer. He dreamed that the same little dog who had helped him to the slippers, appeared, and said to him, 'Dear Manikin! thou dost not yet understand the right use of the slippers. Know that, if thou turnest three times round in them without stopping, thou mayest fly away whither thou wilt; and with the stick thou mayest find treasure; for wherever gold is buried, it will strike three times upon the ground, and twice where silver is to be found.'

"Thus dreamed little Manikin; and, when he awoke, he perfectly remembered his wonderful dream, and determined to make a trial of his slippers and stick very soon. But *whoever has attempted to practise this trick in a*

monstrous wide slipper, three successive times, will not wonder that poor Manikin did not succeed, but tumbled several times on his nose. He was not, however, deterred from his purpose, but repeated the attempt until it succeeded. He turned round like a wheel three times, and wished himself in the next great city, when the slippers steered through the air, and flew with the speed of wind. Indeed, before Manikin had time to think, he found himself in a large market-place, where there were many stalls, and innumerable people moving to and fro. He went up and down amongst these people; but at length he thought it advisable to betake himself to some more retired street; for many persons in the market trod upon his slippers, so that he almost fell; or else his far-projecting dagger knocked so much against the passengers, that he narrowly escaped being struck in return.

“Now Manikin seriously reflected what should do to earn a little money. True he had a stick which could point out where hidden treasure was buried; but where was there likely to be such a place? He might let himself be exhibited for money; but for that he was too proud. At last he recollected the swiftness of his feet. ‘Perhaps,’ said he, ‘my slippers will aid me to obtain my living, by getting employed as a swift messenger; and, as a king needs and pays best for such services, I will seek out the palace.’

“So he went to the gate of the palace, and asked the porter if they wanted a quick messenger. He was shown to the head steward who was at first inclined to be angry with Manikin, thinking that he was making a joke; but, seeing him quite in earnest, he paid so much *attention* to his proposal, though it appeared



very ridiculous to talk of excelling every one else in running. He admitted him, however, into the palace, gave him plenty to eat and drink, and desired him to be in readiness to give a proof of his skill in the evening. Then he went to the king his master, and gave him an account of the droll little fellow who had presented himself, and of his proposal. The king was a merry personage, was well pleased that his steward had kept Manikin for the sake of a joke, and commanded that the place of trial should be in a large meadow, where accordingly, at the appointed time, a great crowd assembled to behold the little man of great pretensions.

“When the king and his courtiers had taken their place, the Manikin came before them, making as low a bow as he could. Then the people, who had never seen so strange a figure

before, greeted him with loud shouts and acclamations. Fancy how droll the little body, with the large head, the short cloak and wide trousers, the long dagger in the broad girdle, and the tiny feet in the huge slippers, must have appeared ; and you will not wonder at the mirth of the multitude, who were spectators.

“Manikin, however, was not at all discomfited by the noise, but stood proudly leaning on his staff, awaiting his opponent, who was the swiftest runner in the city. At a given sign, both started off like two arrows over the plain. Manikin flew, rather than ran, in his wonderful slippers, and had reached the goal long before his rival came up, panting and gasping for breath. Astonishment pervaded the bystanders ; and, when the monarch clapped his hands, they all clapped theirs also, and cried out, ‘*Long live the swift and victorious Manikin!*’

Then he was brought to the king, who said to him, ‘Thou shalt be my messenger, and about my person; and shalt receive a hundred gold pieces, and eat at the table with my head servants.’

“Now, little Manikin thought that he had really attained the pinnacle of good fortune, and became light of heart and joyful. He was employed by the king in his secret messages, which he always performed exactly and with inconceivable quickness. But the other servants of the household began to be very jealous of our poor little hero, and planned several schemes of destruction against him, which he happily escaped, but not without his being aware of the envy he had excited. Being, however, of a good and forgiving disposition, he thought over how he could change their hate into kindness, by doing them service. He remembered his

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dream, in which the little dog revealed to him the powers of his stick; and he wished that he could find some treasure which he might distribute among them to soften their hearts. He had heard that the king's father had hidden much treasure somewhere about the palace when he was in danger from an invading enemy, and, when Manikin went into the garden, he always took his staff with him.

“One day, when he was going along a shady distant part of the garden, which he had seldom visited before, he felt his stick bounce in his hand, and knock three times on the ground. He understood the meaning of it, and, taking his dagger, made marks on the surrounding trees; then quietly returned to the palace where he procured a spade, and waited till the arrival of night to attempt his undertaking.


“*The treasure cost Manikin more trouble*

than he had expected. His arms were weak, his spade large and heavy, and he worked two hours before he had digged to the depth of as many feet. At last he came to something hard, that sounded like iron. He renewed his exertions, and came to a large iron lid, which he raised with difficulty, and then found beneath it a vessel filled with gold coin. Not having strength sufficient to raise the vase, he took off his cloak, and filled it with as much of the gold as he could carry on his back, and carefully covered up the remainder. But, if it had not been for the help of his slippers, he could never have stirred from the spot with so heavy a load. He gained his room, however, and hid his wealth under the cushion of his sofa.

“Poor Manikin, now in possession of so much money, thought that the tables would be turned; and that, by means of it, he could change his

enemies at court into patrons and friends. What a poor ignoramus to suppose that gold could gain him friends! He gave money with a liberal hand; but, instead of gratitude, it only awakened envy and suspicion in the other servants of the king. These accused Manikin of defrauding the treasury; but, as this accusation was proved to be unfounded by examination of the accounts, &c. it was secretly concerted between the king's chamberlain, and the courier whom Manikin had outstripped in the race, that he should be constantly watched, in order that his sources of wealth might be discovered.

“The opportunity speedily arrived. One evening, Manikin went stealthily into the shady walk of the garden, believing himself secure from spies. The courier dodged him softly, and, from behind the large stem of a palm-tree, *witnessed* the whole transaction of raising the



earth, and taking out a great quantity of gold coins, which he put into a strong canvas bag, and concealed under his cloak. But just as, with the aid of his wonderful slippers, he was going to carry his load to his apartment, he was roughly seized, and compelled immediately to enter the presence of the king, to whom he was obliged to confess all, and how, by the wonderful staff, he had discovered the treasure. The king had him instantly thrown into prison, and took his staff and slippers away: besides, he was given to understand, that there was but a small chance of his escaping a disgraceful death by the hangman.

“The poor little man was very unhappy. He repented sincerely that he had been tempted, by the love of gold, to take the treasure which he ought to have given up to the king, to whom it must have rightfully belonged. He resolved,

in his misery, that, if he escaped from the death which impended over him, he would never desire riches again, but be content with a very humble station.

“The keeper of the prison was kind and friendly. Manikin had done him some good service, and now reaped the fruits of it; for the man contrived, one evening, to leave the door of his cell open, which Manikin took advantage of to make his escape; and, though he could travel but slowly, yet he managed, before daylight next morning, to reach a thick forest, which was eight or nine miles distant from the city he had left. Here, hungry, weary, and disconsolate, he laid himself down at the foot of a large tree, to rest his aching limbs, and, if possible, to lose in sleep the remembrance of his misfortunes.

“*After a short, uneasy slumber, he rose up,*

and looked about to find some fruits or berries to assuage the gnawing hunger which he endured. He found a beautiful tree, whose branches almost touched the ground, and, under its broad, bright green leaves, a yellowish fruit, resembling figs, of which he eat several, and so assuaged the pangs of hunger.

“ But he was terrified beyond measure, when, stooping to drink from the brook, he saw his face reflected in the stream, and found his nose stretched out a yard in length. He ran about in despair, and the solitary place echoed his moaning. Tired at last of bewailing his hard fate, he went onward through the forest, following the course of the little stream; and, after walking a few hundred steps, he perceived another tree bearing fruit, somewhat similar to the former, of which he had eaten with so disastrous an effect, but differing in size and

colour; these being smaller, and of a bright scarlet. He was impelled, both by want and curiosity, to pluck some, and to taste them. He found them rather dry and insipid; but, after eating a few, he became aware that his nose had shrunk back to its usual size. He felt so glad of this, that he laughed aloud. A thought came into his head:—he plucked a few of these scarlet fruits, and put them carefully into a little basket, which he formed of leaves; and, retracing his steps, came to the first tree, and gathered a good many of its fruits also. In this wood he also found a low growing shrub, something like a vetch, which bore bunches of deep purple flowers. Struck by their beauty, he gathered some, and found the stems full of a dark juice, which stained his hands almost black. Then he formed a plan to *disguise himself*, by staining his face and hands

with the juice of this plant ; that thus he might gain access to the palace of the king, endeavour to regain possession of his staff and slippers, and perhaps play some of his enemies a trick, by giving them an extra yard of nose. .

“ He soon reached the city again, and, passing the gates of the palace without being recognised, presented himself to the steward of the kitchen, and offered his fruit for sale. Now, the king and his daughter were especially fond of fruit ; and, when the pretty little basket was carried into his presence, he exclaimed with great delight, that he had never seen such fruit, and commanded the steward to take the man who had brought him so acceptable a present into his treasury, and give him fifty gold pieces. This was done ; and, while the treasurer was counting out the money, Manikin looked slyly about, and, spying his own slippers and staff,

popped them under his cloak, received the money with a respectful movement, and made off as quickly as he could.

“No sooner was he out of the town, than he put on his slippers, and, wishing himself in his native town, soon found himself standing in the street, before the door of the house which he now inhabits. The possessor of this house had lately died; and, having no heirs, the governor of the town had taken it into his custody. Manikin applied to this governor; and, on hearing the name of the man to whom it had belonged, he found that he was his nephew, and, consequently the rightful heir. The key of the dwelling was delivered to him, and he immediately took possession of it, and all that it contained. It is said that he found, by means of his staff, a considerable sum which had been hoarded under the *cellar-floor* by his uncle, who was avaricious.

“There lives Manikin, quite alone, spending little upon himself, but very kind and charitable to the poor; and though no one sees much of him, yet he is respected by all but foolish boys like yourself, who look only on the outward appearance of the little man.”

After hearing this history, I always behaved civilly to Manikin; and he spoke very kindly to me, and several times gave me a small piece of money. He has now been dead many years, and I know not what has beome of his wonderful possessions, or how the king and his daughter enjoyed their fruit; but my opinion is, that people are much better without magical assistance than with it, and that honesty and industry are the most certain road to comfort and content.



THE CHRISTIAN
AND
THE MAHOMETAN.

THE CHRISTIAN

AND

THE MAHOMETAN.

You are, no doubt, my dear little readers, so well acquainted with ancient history, that you know about Queen Dido, who was the foundress of the mighty city of Carthage, which even disputed with the proud Romans for the sovereignty of the world. Just look for a minute at the map, and point, on the fertile coast of Africa, to the name of this renowned city. You seek it in vain. Time—the old, rude destroyer—has expunged it long ago; and his assistant, man, has actively helped him with fire and sword.

Of great, famous Carthage, inhabited seven hundred thousand men; with her tri walls and towers, her monstrous barracks her army of mercenaries, and the stat for three hundred elephants and four thousand horses; her noble haven, from wh Hannibal once sailed with his army in several thousand vessels to invade Sicily,—all tr has disappeared. Nothing but the ruins of old aqueduct, the wretched relic of this splendour, now marks the place where the mighty city once flourished.

Upon this ground, so celebrated in history on the fruitful coast, and under the genial climate have pirates built their dwellings; and on their formidable retreats, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, have struck terror into the rest of world. From hence they roved for human pr

here, in open markets, they sold their unhappy captives, like beasts of burden; and punished them, if unable to pay the enormous sums of money demanded for their ransom, with the hardest slavery, and unparalleled cruelty until death. You shudder, dear children—you do not comprehend how men can sink so deep in crime as thus to tyrannize over their fellow-men, and are indignant that this cruel persecution was chiefly directed against Christians. But History, the great teacher of mankind, will show you how truly Christians themselves have with rough hand prepared the scourge for themselves.

The Moors, or Arabs, an active, ingenious people, who converted Spain into a blooming garden, were driven out from thence, and completely extirpated by the Christian kings; for Christians deemed that to persecute the unbe-

liever to death was a praiseworthy deed. They fled to their African brethren in faith, and settled themselves along the coast, already peopled by Arabs, where they soon flourished by means of commerce and the arts. But the constant maritime warfare with their enemies the Spaniards, and the Christian piracy of the knights of St. John, which from Rhodes, and then out of Malta, was carried on under the pretence of fighting against the infidels, destroyed the Moorish trade, and at length induced the princes Selim and Soliman to call up their subjects to engage in a regular naval war against the Christians.

Horuc and Ariodeno, two brothers surnamed Barbarossa, particularly distinguished themselves as corsairs, founded Algiers as a corsair free state in the year 1518 (which city had been built in the year 944 by a noble Arab of

the name of Zeiri), and gave to their piracy a holy varnish through religious fanaticism, like that of the Christian Knights of Malta. Tunis, Tripoli, and Morocco, followed the attractive example. For centuries these dens of robbers have existed, and horrible cruelties been practised there; and, if an attempt was made from time to time to destroy these pirates, it was sure to fail from the want of unanimity amongst the princes of Christendom, some of whom even paid an annual tribute in order to purchase their peaceful behaviour. But, a few years ago, Charles the Tenth of France was fortunate enough to disturb the robbers' den, to subdue the beautiful coast-land, and to people it with cheerful, industrious inhabitants; and, whatever may have been the fate of this king, history will ever for this make a grateful mention of his name.

Two brothers, Walter and Raymond, born and educated in Germany, once sailed Malta. The father had enrolled the young son very early in the order of Knights of Malta, and the youth's enthusiastic feelings irresistibly drew him to the island, there to serve the order as a faithful knight. Walter loved his brother too much to endure a separation. He sold his estates, collected together his property, which was considerable, accompanied his dear Raymond to Malta, and bought a country residence. Here he became a happy husband and father, and, while his brother was fighting on the island against the corsairs, in the service of the order which he created, with his virtuous domestic mind he cultivated a little paradise for himself. Here Raymond, returning after his dangerous encounters, always found rest and refreshment; and when he described the narrow escapes, or rejoiced over

hard-fought victories, — never omitting loudly to express his hatred against the infidels, and to vow eternal hostility towards them, — then the more gentle Walter sought to convince him, that there were other weapons to be employed against them than the naked sword.

They had thus lived many years on the island, when the order determined to make a decisive effort against the corsairs, who had latterly been adding several vessels to their fleet. Raymond accompanied his brethren in arms to this fight, but never returned. The Christian knights gained great advantages in the combat, but had also great losses in numbers, particularly on the vessel to which Raymond belonged. Eye-witnesses, who escaped the hands of the pirates in a small boat, asserted that this vessel was not taken by them until all the fighting knights had fallen, and that Raymond was of the number.

Walter deeply and silently bewailed the loss of his beloved brother. But this brother was not dead: a harder fate awaited him. The pirates no sooner remarked that a flickering spark of life remained in the badly-wounded knight, than they endeavoured to preserve it carefully, and to restore him to life and health, that they might be able to mock his pride by exposing him for sale in the slave-market of Algiers. His tall, powerful form attracted the notice of buyers. People rejoiced that they could torture one of the terrible knights as a slave; but the corsair demanded so high a price, that Raymond had to endure many horrible hours of suspense before his sale. At last, a young wealthy Turk, named Cid Selim, felt and tried the limbs of the unhappy prisoner, as people try and examine oxen before buying *them*, and then paid down the large sum which

was demanded. "Thou must work hard, Christian slave," said he, "that I may not have given such a sum as this for nothing."

He kept his fearful word. Raymond was delivered to the pleasure of an unmerciful overseer, to be by him compelled to work in the most cruel manner. Who can describe his situation, or picture what passed in his lofty, sensitive spirit, at such ignoble treatment? Several of his fellow-slaves regained their freedom by ransom: but no such hope could come to him; for one of the strong laws of the order was, that no knight's freedom should ever be purchased by money.

He had firmly resolved to bear his hard fate with resignation to the will of Providence, and to repay the haughtiness and savage cruelty of his enemies with contempt; but courage and power at length forsook him. He took the

opportunity one day, when Cid Selim was sent with his slaves, — which seldom happens now, — to throw himself down before him, implore him to put him to death at once.

“Not to death,” replied Selim: “I bought you too dear for that. But I know you are to be trusted: even my steward put you among all the slaves. My gardener ended his life last night. I came here to choose some one to replace him, and my choice upon you.”

Raymond obeyed, and felt it a relief no longer to pass the night in the wretched, stable-abode of the other slaves, or to perform his duty under the lash of the inhuman overseer. His garden was under the immediate superintendence of the master; and the slaves who cultivated it obeyed his orders only.

Selim, a zealous Mahometan and sen-

man, often took the opportunity of entering into conversation with his slaves. It was his concern to induce them, by all the arts of conversation, remonstrance, promises, and threats, to embrace the Mahometan faith. This object he attained with some, who were too weak and too sensual to bear in pious submission the yoke of slavery for the honour of their religion. They purchased a wretched freedom by a sinful denial of their holy faith, and were raised as renegades above many scruples, and attained to wealth through unlawful means.

Vain was every attempt with Raymond. "I am a Christian knight," said he; "and that will I remain, even if a slave also till death. You have taken away the cross from my robe; but you can never tear it from my heart. Not by the power of persuasive speech, — not by the weight of your arguments, — no, solely by

your cruelty, only by the bloody scourge of your overseer, have you brought these weak unpractised-in-suffering Christians "to outward denial of their faith. If thou doubttest the truth of my words, I place myself before thee for trial."

Selim turned angrily away. He could not deny the heroic feeling of the brave man, and secretly felt a high degree of respect for Raymond, who fulfilled his duty truly, though he despised alike the severity and the friendliness of his master, and remained, in his slave's habit the same proud, unbending knight.

Thus passed away several sorrowful years, in which Raymond bore his fate as a man and a Christian. Among the other slaves, the demerit of treachery and revenge enticed them to conspiracy. One of their overseers, a hard, depraved man, was a renegade. Since he had

lightly relinquished his religion, no other tie was held sacred. He found amongst the other slaves, several of his own countrymen, out of well-known rich families, and let them into his secret plan, which was to murder Selim, obtain his treasures, and take their flight in a vessel already prepared.

Raymond was one evening in a distant part of the garden, watering his beautiful flowers, the silent confidants of his grief. Not far from the place was a thick hedge of figs, surrounded by tall mulberry and orange trees, in the midst of which was a beautiful summer-house, the favourite resort of Selim. Raymond's thoughts were with his brother and his family, now perhaps more blooming and beautiful than these flowers, when he heard a loud noise and a doleful cry. He quickly broke through the hedge, and rushed to the summer-house. There

his master lay, overpowered on the ground : the rebels held him fast, while the renegade knelt upon his breast, and was in the act of strangling him with a cord. "Hold! traitor," cried Raymond; and, with a blow, felled the renegade to the ground. With awful fiery look, there stood the Christian knight; and, with the words, "Go, you wretched ones! would you obtain your freedom through murder and treachery?" drove the terrified, yet unharmed conspirators out of the door.

Selim had in the meantime recovered himself a little: these men had surprised him in his sleep. He saw Raymond's heroic deed, heard the dying renegade's last rattling sound, and comprehended all. Trembling, he raised himself from the ground, and sank on his slave's breast, exclaiming, "O thou generous preserver of my *life!*" But Raymond received his thanks

proudly, and coldly said, "I would gladly have conquered you in open fight; but the true knight will protect even his enemy against all treachery and assassination."

Selim was deeply touched by Raymond's honourable, magnanimous mind. He led him to his palace; and, while vowing a dreadful revenge upon the conspirators, he entreated his preserver to remain with him, share his wealth, and become a Mahometan. He showed him all his incalculable riches and fine estates, and described his way of life in the most glowing colours.

But Raymond answered mildly and gravely, "You would no longer respect me, no longer trust me, if I were to fulfil your wishes. Behold in this renegade, whom I have struck as your murderer, and whom you thought you had converted, a proof, which had nearly cost you

your life, that by those who can deny the holier things, all besides is disregarded."

Selim stood humbled and sorrowful, because Raymond rejected his thanks and gratitude. At last he begged him to ask whatever he would of him, and swore by his Prophet to fulfil his request... Then Raymond begged pardon and liberty for the miserable conspirators whose death was already decreed.

The Turk frowned darkly ; but he had sworn by the name of the Prophet. He would not be outdone in generosity by his slave. Therefore he answered, " Well, take the life of these villain fellows as a present from me, and scold them at thy pleasure. But thou must not continue my slave. What thou art too proud to ask, will freely give — thy freedom. Take from my treasures whatever thou desirest : go home to thy fatherland, and remember the grateful Cid Selim."

Raymond joyfully received the gift of freedom, but refused all the offered treasure; and, taking with him only his slave's coat, as a memorial of the sorrowful years he had passed, and of the liberated slaves whom his valour had saved from the performance of crime, sailed for Malta.

Walter, meantime, lived quietly and happily in his numerous family circle. The remembrance of his beloved brother never left him. He often, in deep sorrow, told his children of the strong brotherly love—of the unbroken union of their lives; and he experienced the most affecting sensation, when, after such relations, his two sons, in silence, extended their hands to each other, as if to vow a similar brother's bond. Who can describe the meeting of these brothers, when Raymond, so long thought

of as dead, entered alive into this circle when the brothers, with their ever-youthful abiding love, lay in each other's arms, children grown into young men and were rejoicingly surrounding them, and the knight had no words, but only tears?"

Raymond, after a while, became sufficiently composed to be able to relate his story. When he had ended, his brother took his hand and said, "Blessed are those who cleave to the cross. The virtue of a Christian is more victorious than his sword;" and the mother and children raised their hands, and said, "Amen."

The knight's return caused a great sensation for those unfortunate men who had been released from slavery and death by his generous efforts. They were untiring in their repetition of the tale of his praise. His order itself gained strength through him, and appointed him to a high

of honour. The brothers renewed their old happy way of life ; and time passed unobserved, divided between cheerful activity, affection, and devotion.

The wars against the infidels still continued ; but Raymond, on account of his high office, remained always upon the island. The Saracens had caused the Christians great losses, and the latter determined to take revenge on their enemies. The knights returned victorious, leading two hostile vessels, containing a considerable number of prisoners, into the harbour of Malta.

In order to celebrate his triumph more completely, the Grand Master had the chained prisoners led in procession through the streets to his palace, where all the knights were assembled to decide upon the fate of the unfortunate persons. Raymond, now a Count of the order,

stood by the Grand Master's side, his eyes thoughtfully resting on the captives; for a vision came over his soul, of his own state when once standing thus in the slave-market of Algiers. Then, suddenly, some well-known features met his eye; and he did not deceive himself; — Selim was among the prisoners. The proud, bold man stood there, bent down with the weight of his misfortune, and did not venture to raise his eyes from the ground. Raymond drew the Grand Master hastily aside, and, after a short conversation, sent for his brother, who, after he was informed of all, and he received his instructions, negotiated with order for the captive Selim at a high price.

“Buy me not,” said Selim: “thou wilt find me neither an industrious nor an obedient slave, for I have been above learning to be either.”
“*But thou wilt learn,*” replied Walter: “

Christians have perhaps more powerful means of compelling our slaves to obedience than you."

They reached Walter's country-seat. The Moor was brought into a convenient apartment, and his fetters removed. He was invited to refresh himself with food; and the wounds which he had received in the sea-fight, and which had been sadly neglected, were carefully dressed and bound up. Walter's little grandchildren brought him fruits and flowers, looked at him compassionately with their gentle blue eyes, and would readily have inquired if he wanted any thing, if he had not looked so darkly down to the ground.

- After several days had passed, Walter, one morning, entered the Moor's chamber. "Thou hast now recovered," said he. "Thy wounds are healed: therefore follow me — we will go to work."

Selim silently obeyed. Walter led him into his beautiful grounds, where they found a number of labourers busy at work. But here were no chain-enfettered slaves; here did no inhuman officer wield the scourge. Cheerfulness and industry were the overseers; and, instead of sighs and sounds of woe, to which Selim's ears were accustomed, joking and merry songs were heard.

“Wilt thou assist me to bind up these vines, and to gather the ripe grapes?” said Walter, in a kind manner, to the Moor; who immediately stepped forward quickly, as if he could not refuse so civil a request, and began to work very assiduously. When the glowing heat of noon came on, Walter led him back to his cool chamber, sent him some refreshing viands, and desired him to rest a few hours; at the end of *which* he again summoned him to the vine-

yard, and Selim worked in willing activity until evening.

Then Walter invited Selim to come with him to a beautiful shady arbour, which commanded a noble view of the sea. They seated themselves on a soft bank; and, while they enjoyed the magnificent sight of the sun setting beyond the waves, Walter asked his prisoner to tell him the reason of his venturing to sea, so high in station as he was, and the circumstances of his capture.

With dark brow and undisguised anger, Selim related that he had embarked in pursuit of some Christian slaves, who had escaped; and that he had nearly recaptured them, when he fell into the hands of his enemies, the Knights of Malta. He gave vent to the bitterest complaints respecting the bad faith of the Christians; and his own hard fate.

“Poor man !” said Walter, “hast thou no one that depends on thee with love fidelity ? No heart expects thy return longing ; for the loss of their tyrant is a fet to the slaves.”

Selim kept a gloomy silence. “Beho continued Walter, “here all live in freedom in cheerful, voluntary labour,—in true a tion.”

They were interrupted. The old n daughter and step-daughter came thither their children, who knew that they should him in his favourite retreat in the eve. Walter was soon encircled by the little cr. Even the babes in the mothers’ arms stret out their little hands towards him ; while others, with joyful shouts, climbed upon hi each one desirous of sitting on his knee, *being held* to his bosom. He looked unsp

ably happy. Selim could not remove his eyes from this heavenly picture of domestic love and happiness. A new, unexpected feeling passed through his heart; and, half dreaming, he followed the family to the dwelling-house, where the young men had just returned, and the supper was being prepared. He stood deeply affected as the good Walter uttered the evening prayer in the midst of that devout circle; and he lay down that night with a peace till then unfelt in his proud and haughty soul.

Thus passed one day after another, each filled with toil and household peace. Walter avoided all appearance of attempting the Mahometan's conversion. He wished that he should first learn the blessings of Christianity, from its effects on the life and temper; and thus be prepared to desire admission into Christian communion.

Raymond, all the while, took great interest

in Selim, and came frequently to converse with his brother ; but he had never yet allowed himself to be seen by the Moor.

By degrees Selim's dark mood passed away and his impatience to return home gave place to the love which he felt for Walter and family. He could not bear to think of leaving those dear little children who hung about him so lovingly. He rejoiced, when the morn came, to accompany the elder people to the work, to join in the cheerful conversation at meals, and in the evening to hold grave and deep discourse with Walter on man's dignity and destiny — on virtue and religion. Slow but at length, the scales fell from his eyes, and the divine rays of Christian teaching began to warm and rejoice his heart.

Once, when he was sitting in an arbour with the children, Walter was passing near, and

stopped to listen to the conversation. The children were looking at a volume of pictures, which one of the little girls had received on her birthday as a present from her grandmother. They stopped at one, representing the Saviour on the cross. "Thou poor man!" said the little girl to Selim, "dost thou know about the Saviour, who is here nailed to the cross? I will tell thee about him;" and she began a simple, moving narrative.

Selim listened with emotion. He thought the words were more touching, more consoling to his heart, out of the mouths of the children.

"Now, look at this dear Saviour," continued the child, "how even death cannot disfigure that friendly countenance. Do kiss that picture; for, since you love us so well, I think you must be already a Christian; for Jesus says, 'By this shall all men know that ye are

my disciples, if ye have love one to another.' ”
—“ And especially he loves children,” said a little boy ; “ for he said, ‘ Let the little children come to me, and forbid them not ; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.’ ”

“ Yes,” cried Selim, deeply agitated ; “ yes, in your pure hearts dwells the peace of God.” He bent over the picture, and exclaimed, “ O great, holy One ! let thy peace also inhabit my breast ;” kissed the picture, as the child requested ; and then hid his face, weeping.

Soon after, Walter approached him, and spoke as if he had not heard the conversation : —

“ Thou hast now been a year with me. I wished to show thee how, according to the commands of our religion, we treat our enemies. Thou hast beheld the life and ways of a *Christian family* : now thou art free. Thou mayest

return to thy home, whenever it pleaseth thee."

Selim stood motionless and silent. But the children clung to him, and cried, "No! thou shalt never leave us again! Thou must stay here with us; for no one loves thee so well as we do here."

Then Selim rushed to the arms of Walter, and said, "Yes, keep me here: send me not out again into the empty world. I will be a Christian like thyself."

Then stood Count Raymond before him. "Selim!" he cried, spreading out his arms. — The Moor knew him again; and they embraced long, with happiness too great for words.

"Thou art my guardian angel!" said Selim. "Once thou saved my life; now thou hast saved my soul."

The pious Count Raymond replied, with a gentle shake of his head, "Not I. — The Lord gives strength to the weak ; and Christ alone is the way, the truth, and the life !"

T H E E N D.

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